

NEW POCKET EDITION
OF THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
Shakspeare,

PRINTED FROM THE TEXT OF JOHNSON AND STEEVENS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Embellished with a Portrait of the Author, and Vignette Titles, representing
Comedy, Tragedy, and History.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING PLAYS.

TEMPEST.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

LOVE'S LABORS LOST.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

London:

Printed for James Black & Son, Tavistock-Street, Covent-Garden.

Hughes, Printer, Maiden-Lane, Covent-Garden.

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SHAKESPEARE.

Volume I.



H. Corbould del.

E. Finden sculp.

Then to her heart sad TRAGEDY addressed
The dagger

Pope.

LONDON,

Printed for James Black & Son,

1819.

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OF
Shakspeare.

COMPLETE IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

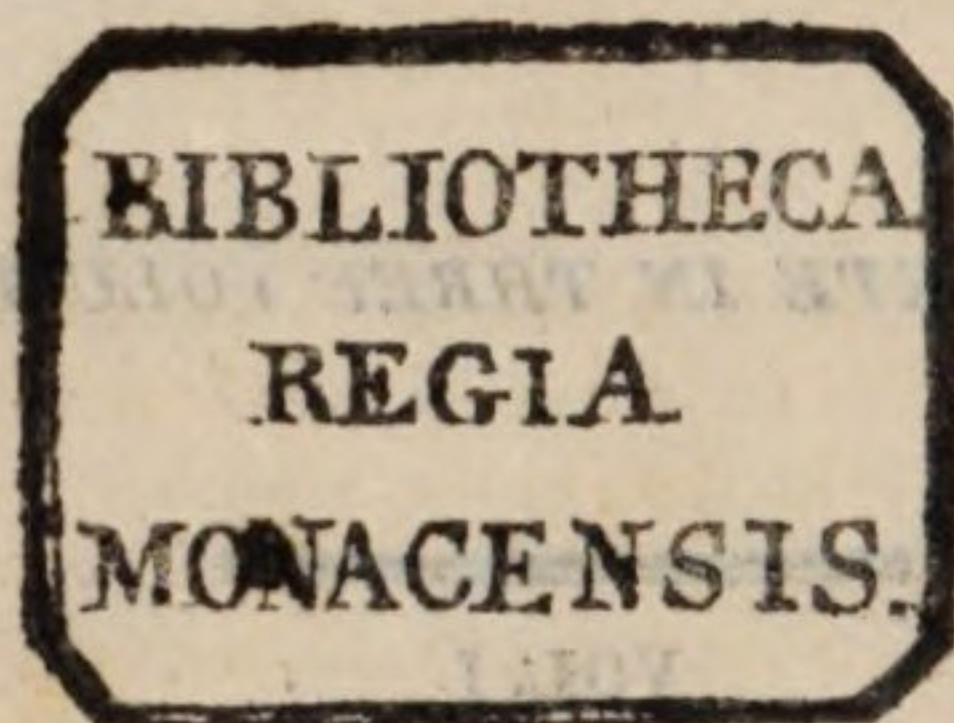
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1820.



SOME
ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE, &c.
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WRITTEN BY MR. ROWE.

It seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, especially of those whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver some account of themselves, as well as their works, to posterity. For this reason, how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their shape, make, and features, have been the subject of critical inquiries. How trifling soever this curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly satisfied with an account of any remarkable person, till we have heard him described even to the very clothes he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his book; and though the works of Mr. Shakspeare may seem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy some little account of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the son of Mr. John Shakspeare, and was born at Stratford-upon-Avon in Warwickshire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the register and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was master of: but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great genius, (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs,) would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute: for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even

beautiful extravagance, which we admire in Shakspeare: and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *geniuses* that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had by a misfortune common enough to young fellows fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. He was received into the company then in being, at first, in a very mean rank, but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name was printed as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and though I have inquired, I never could meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleased, to have learned from certain authority, which was the first play he wrote; it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakspeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But though the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the end of the fourth act of *Henry the Fifth*, by a compliment very handsomely turned to the earl of Essex, shows the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland: and his eulogy upon queen Elizabeth, and her successor king James, in the latter end of his *Henry the Eighth*, is a proof of that play's being written after the accession of the latter of those two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased to see a genius arise amongst them of so pleasurable, so rich a

vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favorite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natured man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder, if, with so many good qualities, he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favor: it is that maiden princess plainly, whom he intends by

— a fair vestal, throned by the west.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

and that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely applied to her. She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in *The Two Parts of Henry the Fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of *Oldcastle*: some of that family being then remaining, the queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I do not know whether the author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain that Sir John Falstaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of distinguished merit in the wars in France in Henry the Fifth's and Henry the Sixth's times. What grace soever the queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honor to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favor and friendship from the earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate earl of Essex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakspeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shown to French dancers and Italian singers.

What particular habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one, who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candor and good nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature: Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company; when Shakspeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public. Jonson was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakspeare; though at the same time I believe it must be allowed, that what nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper.

In a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eton, and Ben Jonson, Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakspeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Jonson with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, *That if Mr. Shakspeare had not read the ancients, he had likewise not stolen anything from them; and that if he would produce any one topic finely treated by any one of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakspeare.*

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a story almost still remembered in that country that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: it happened that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakspeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to out-live him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately; upon which Shakspeare gave him these four verses:

"TEN IN THE HUNDRED lies here ingrav'd;
 "'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:
 "If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
 "Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe."

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He died in the 53d year of his age, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall. On his grave-stone underneath is,

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
 "To dig the dust inclosed here.
 "Blest be the man that spares these stones,
 "And curst be he that moves my bones."

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children; and Susanna, who was his favorite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nashe, Esq. and afterwards to Sir John Barnard of Abington, but died likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family: the character of the man is best seen in his writings. But since Ben Jonson has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words:

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakspeare, that in writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thousand!* which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted: and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions: wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those

“ things which could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him,

“ Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.

“ He replied :

“ Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.”

“ and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues: there was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.”

As for the passage which he mentions out of Shakspeare, there is somewhat like it in *Julius Cæsar*, but without the absurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have seen, as quoted by Mr. Jonson.

Besides his plays in this edition, there are two or three ascribed to him by Mr. Langbaine, which I have never seen, and know nothing of. He writ likewise *Venus and Adonis*, and *Turquin and Lucrece*, in stanzas, which have been printed in a late collection of poems. As to the character given of him by Ben Jonson, there is a good deal true in it: but I believe it may be as well expressed by what Horace says of the first Romans, who wrote tragedy upon the Greek models, (or indeed translated them,) in his epistle to Augustus:

“ ——— naturâ sublimis et acer :

“ Nam spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter andet,

“ Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitque lituram.”

As I have not proposed to myself to enter into a large and complete criticism upon Shakspeare's works, so I will only take the liberty, with all due submission to the judgment of others, to observe some of those things I have been pleased with in looking him over.

His plays are properly to be distinguished only into comedies and tragedies. Those which are called histories, and even some of his comedies, are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongst them. That way of tragi-comedy was the common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the English taste, that though the severer critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleased with it than with an exact tragedy. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of a Shrew*, are all pure comedy; the rest, however they are called, have something of both kinds. It is not very easy to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humors; and though they did not then strike at all ranks of people, as the satire of the present age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and a well-distinguished variety in those characters which he thought fit to meddle with. Falstaff is allowed by every body to be a master-piece; the character is always well sustained, though drawn out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. Quickly, in the first act of *Henry the Fifth*, though it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that though he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in short every way vicious, yet he has given him so much wit as to make him almost too agreeable; and I do not know whether some people have not, in remembrance of the diversion he had formerly afforded them, been sorry to see his friend Hal use him so scurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of *The second Part of Henry the Fourth*. Amongst other extravagancies, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he has made him a deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor, under the name of Justice Shallow; he has given him very near the same coat of arms which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, describes for a family there, and makes the Welch parson descant very pleasantly upon them. That whole play is admirable: the humors are

various and well opposed; the main design, which is to cure Ford of his unreasonable jealousy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is something singularly ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical steward Malvolio. The parasite and the vain-glorious in Parolles, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humor. The conversation of Benedick and Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of Rosalind, in *As You Like It*, have much wit and sprightliness all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: and, I believe, Thersites, in *Troilus and Cressida*, and Apemantus, in *Timon*, will be allowed to be master-pieces of ill-nature, and satirical snarling. To these I might add, that incomparable character of Shylock the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice*: but though we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think it was designed tragically by the author. There appears in it such a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the style or characters of comedy. The play itself, take it altogether, seems to me to be one of the most finished of any of Shakspeare's. The tale, indeed, in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unusual kind of bond given by Antonio, is too much removed from the rules of probability; but taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the friendship of Antonio to Bassanio, very great, generous, and tender. The whole fourth act (supposing, as I said, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve a particular notice. The first is, what Portia says in praise of mercy, and the other on the power of music. The melancholy of Jaques, in *As You Like It*, is as singular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what Horace says,

“Difficile est proprie communia dicere,”

it will be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the description of the several degrees and ages of man's life, though the thought be old, and common enough.

“ — All the world's a stage,
 “ And all the men and women merely players;
 “ They have their exits and their entrances,
 “ And one man in his time plays many parts,
 “ His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 “ Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
 “ And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
 “ And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 “ Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
 “ Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 “ Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier;
 “ Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 “ Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 “ Seeking the bubble reputation
 “ Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice;
 “ In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
 “ With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 “ Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 “ And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 “ Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
 “ With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 “ His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 “ For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 “ Turning again tow'ards childish treble, pipes
 “ And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
 “ That ends this strange eventful history,
 “ Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
 “ Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.”

His images are indeed every where so lively, that the thing he would represent stands full before you, and you possess every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon as any thing I ever saw: it is an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he says,

“ — She never told her love,
 “ But let concealment, like a worm i’ th’ bud,
 “ Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
 “ And sat like PATIENCE on a monument,
 “ Smiling at GRIEF.”

What an image is here given! and what a task would it have been for the greatest masters of Greece and Rome to have expressed the passions designed by the sketch of statuary! The style of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and easy in itself; and the wit most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggerel rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in: and if we find it in the pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the sermons of some of the gravest divines of those times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the stage.

But certainly the greatness of this author’s genius does no where so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *A Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be placed the first by the publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him: it seems to me as perfect in its kind, as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the unities are kept here, with an exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing; though that was what, I suppose, he valued himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observed in these sort of writings; yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His magic has something in it very solemn and very poetical; and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well sustained, shows a wonderful invention in the author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon grotesques that ever was seen. The observation, which, I have been informed three very great men concurred in making upon this part, was extremely just; that *Shakspeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character*.

It is the same magic that raises the Fairies in *A Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two last of these plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the tragedies of Mr. Shakspeare. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of the Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults; but as Shakspeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that lived in a state of almost universal licence and ignorance; there was no established judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramatic poetry so far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the first, among those that are reckoned the constituent parts of a tragic or heroic poem;

not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole; and with the fable ought to be considered the fit disposition, order, and conduct of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the drama that the strength and mastery of Shakspeare lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from the true history, or novels and romances: and he commonly made use of them in that order, with those incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. So *The Winter's Tale*, which is taken from an old book, called *The Delectable History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, contains the space of sixteen or seventeen years, and the scene is sometimes laid in Bohemia, and sometimes in Sicily, according to the original order of the story. Almost all his historical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places: and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the scene travels over the greatest part of the Roman empire. But in recompence for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the drama, *the manners of his characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shewn by the poet*, he may be generally justified, and in very many places greatly commended. For those plays which he has taken from the English or Roman history, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one action for a subject, that the title very often tells you, it is *The Life of King John, King Richard, &c.* What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of *Henry the Sixth*, than the picture Shakspeare has drawn of him! His manners are every where exactly the same with the story; one finds him still described with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though at the same time the poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by shewing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resigned to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short scene in *The Second Part of Henry the Sixth*, which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the duke of Gloucester, is shewn in the last agonies on his death-bed, with the good king praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry the Eighth*, that prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the artist wanted either colors or skill in the disposition of them; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to queen Elizabeth, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his mistress, to have exposed some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the minister of that great king; and certainly nothing was ever more justly written, than the character of Cardinal Wolsey. He has shewn him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly described in the second scene of the fourth act. The distresses likewise of queen Catherine, in this play, are very movingly touched; and though the art of the poet has screened king Henry from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclined to wish, the queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners proper to the persons represented, less justly observed, in those characters taken from the Roman history; and of this, the fierceness and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of Brutus, and the irregular

greatness of mind in M. Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find them exactly as they are described by Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakspeare copied them. He has indeed followed his original pretty close, and taken in several little incidents that might have been spared in a play. But, as I hinted before, his design seems most commonly rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form his work simply upon that. However, there are some of his pieces, where the fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The design in *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the punishment of their two families, for the unreasonable feuds and animosities that had been so long kept up between them, and occasioned the effusion of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has shewn something wonderfully tender and passionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same tale with the *Electra of Sophocles*. In each of them a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the first part of the Greek tragedy, something very moving in the grief of Electra; but as Mr. Dacier has observed, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the manners he has given that Princess and Orestes in the latter part. Orestes imbrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear Clytemnestra crying out to Ægysthus for help, and to her son for mercy: while Electra her daughter, and a princess, (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency,) stands upon the stage, and encourages her brother in the parricide. What horror does this not raise! Clytemnestra was a wicked woman, and had deserved to die; nay, in the truth of the story, she was killed by her own son; but to represent an action of this kind on the stage, is certainly an offence against those rules of manners proper to the persons, that ought to be observed there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Shakspeare. Hamlet is represented with the same piety towards his father, and resolution to revenge his death, as Orestes; he has the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by incest: but it is with wonderful art and justness of judgment, that the poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghost forbid that part of his vengeance:

“ But howsoever thou pursu’st this act,
 “ Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 “ Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav’n,
 “ And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 “ To prick and sting her.”

This is to distinguish rightly between *horror* and *terror*. The latter is a proper passion of tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatic writer ever succeeded better in raising *terror* in the minds of an audience than Shakspeare has done. The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more especially the scene where the king is murdered, in the second act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly spirit with which he writ; and both shew how powerful he was, in giving the strongest motions to our souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have seen this master-piece of Shakspeare distinguish itself upon the stage, by Mr. Betterton's fine performance of that part. A man, who, though he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, must have made his way into the esteem of all men of letters by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakspeare's manner of expression, and indeed he has studied him so well, and is so much a master of

him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I must own a particular obligation to him, for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this life, which I have here transmitted the public; his veneration for the memory of Shakspeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire, on purpose to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had so great a veneration.

TEMPEST.

Persons represented.

ALONSO, king of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the rightful duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, son to the king of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old counsellor of Naples.
ADRIAN, } lords.
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.
TRINCULO, a jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken butler.
Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.

IRIS,
CERES,
JUNO,
NYMPHS,
REAPERS, } spirits.

Other spirits attending on PROSPERO.

Scene,—The sea, with a ship; afterwards an uninhabited island.

ACT I.

SCENE I. On a ship at sea.

A storm with thunder and lightning.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: What cheer?

Mast. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [Exit.]

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor; keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. [Exit.]

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand

fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, & GONZALO. Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [Exeunt.]

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chapped rascal—Would thou mightst lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gon.

He'll be hanged yet;

Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[A confused noise within.] Mercy on us!—We split! we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split!

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [Exit.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exit.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The island: before the cell of Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they
perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;
[Lays down his mantle.
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes;
have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which
touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as a hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heardest cry, which thou sawst
sink. Sit down;

For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

Pro. The hour's now come;

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But
how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou rememberst aught, ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here, thou mayst.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve
years since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess;—no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from
thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou sayst, were we heaved
thence;

But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you,
further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd
Antonio,—

I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being trans-
ported

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and
whom
To trash for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or changed
them,

Or else new form'd them: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was

The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou at-
tendst not:

I pray thee, mark me.

Mira. O, good sir, I do.

Pro. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all
dedicate

To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part
he play'd

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal roy-
alties

He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O, the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event;
then tell me,

If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.

This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honors, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!

I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes.

Pro. Hear a little further,

And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which,
this story

Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they
durst not;

(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they pre-
pared

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst
smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his
gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more
profit

Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now,
I pray you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more
questions;

Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not
choose.—

[MIRANDA sleeps.
Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir,
hail! I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding
task

Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade
thee?

Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,

Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the
precursors

O'the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not: The fire, and
cracks

Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves
tremble,

Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the
vessel,

Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Fer-
dinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is
empty,*

And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's
hid:

The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd
labor,

I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again;

And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: The time 'twixt
six and now,
Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost
give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service:
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings; thou didst
promise

To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and thinkst
It much, to tread the ooze of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou
forgot
The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age, and
envy,

Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born?
speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd witch,
Sycorax,

For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou knowst, was banish'd; for one thing
she did,

They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought
with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my
slave,

As thou reportst thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,

And left thee there; where thou didst vent
thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this
island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born,) not honor'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best knowst
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the
breasts

Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arrived, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend
an oak,

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph
o' the sea;

Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: hence, with diligence.

[Exit ARIEL.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well:
Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [Within] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business
for thee:

Come forth, thou tortoise! when?—

Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.]

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother
brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on you,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt
have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up;
urchins

Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more
stinging

Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou
camest first,

Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me;
wouldst give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved
thee,

And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and
fertile;

Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king: and here you
sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have
used thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged
thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take;
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee
each hour

Onething or other; when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble
like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy
vile race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
good natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my pro-
fit on't

Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrugst thou,
malice?

If thou neglectst, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old
cramps;

Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence! [*Exit CAL.*
Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing & singing;
FERDINAND following him.

ARIEL'S Song.
Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist,)
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!
Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*
The watch-dogs bark:
Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air,
or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.
Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong bell.
[Burden, ding-dong.]

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
father.—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye ad-
vance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and
hath such senses
As we have, such: This gallant which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst
call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit!
I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my
prayer

May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: he does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke
of Milan,

And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control
thee,

If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight
[*Aside.*

They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong;
a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently?
This

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this
swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning

[*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I
charge thee,

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such
a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.—[*To FERD.*
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and
husks,

Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but dardest not strike, thy
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!

Thou thinkst there are no more such shapes
as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish
wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections

Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey:
[*To FERD.*

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigor in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's
threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the
earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—

[*To FERD. and MIRA.*
Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

[*To ARIEL.*
Mira. Be of comfort:

My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have
cause

(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the mer-
chant,

Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us; then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of
his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One:—Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's
offer'd,

Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolor comes to him, indeed; you
have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I
meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his
tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a
good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you've pay'd.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inacces-
sible,—

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and
delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly
delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most
sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks? how green?

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses; being rather new dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You crain these words into mine ears, against

The stomach of my sense: Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy removed,

I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live; I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd, As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt, He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss; That would not bless our Europe with your daughter, But rather lose her to an African; Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise By all of us; and the fair soul herself Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have More widows in them of this business' making, Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian, The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness, And time to speak it in: you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir, When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. If the commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things: for no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of magistrate; Letters should not be known; no use of service, Of riches or of poverty; no contracts, Successions, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none: No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil; No occupation; all men idle, all; And women too; but innocent and pure: No sovereignty:—

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk
nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and
did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen,
who are of such sensible and nimble lungs,
that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling, am
nothing to you; so you may continue, and
laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle:
you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if
she would continue in it five weeks without
changing.

*Enter ARIEL invisible, playing solemn
music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure
my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh
me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but ALON. SEB. and ANT.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine
eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts:
I find,

They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,

Will guard your person, while you take your
rest,

And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

[*ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses
them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What
might,

Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No
more;—

And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,

What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks
thee; and

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language; and thou speakst

Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking,
moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou letst thy fortune sleep—die rather; winkst
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion only,)
The king, his son's alive; 'tis as impossible
That he's undrown'd, as he that sleeps here,
swims.

Seb. I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant,
with me,

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from
Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born
chins

Be rough and razorable: she, from whom
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast
again;

And, by that, destined to perform an act,

Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this? How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of
Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?*—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why they were
no worse

Than now they are: There be, that can rule
Naples,

As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your
brother,

No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like; whom I,
With this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou gotst Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou
payst;

And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.

[*They converse apart.*]

Music. *Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger
That these, his friends, are in; and sends me
forth,

(For else his project dies,) to keep them living.

[*Sings in GONZALO's ear.*]

*While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy*

His time doth take:

*If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:*

Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!
[*They wake.*]

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why
are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your
repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a hum-
ming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: Best stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our wea-
pons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make
further search
For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I
have done. [*Aside.*]
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor
pinch,

Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the
mire,

Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:

Sometime like apes, that mope and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven
tongues,

Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,

For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore;—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er
she did itch:*

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, whilst Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame,

and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly; you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be—But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come,—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress showed me thee, thy dog, and bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that: kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afraid of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells from the rock: Wilt thou go
with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.
[Sings drunkenly.]

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash
dish;

'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,

Has a new master—get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful; but
their labor

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but

The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's
dead,

And makes my labors pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says,
such baseness

Had ne'er like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
labors;

Most busy-less, when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a
distance.*

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoind to pile!

Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning
with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good
friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
Therein forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul
speak;—

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this
sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honor you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not
offer

What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cun-
ning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

VOL. I.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: And
now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand! thousand!
[*Exeunt FER. and MIRA.*]

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surprized with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Another part of the island.

Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN
following with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out,
we will drink water; not a drop before:
therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-
monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this
island! They say, there's but five upon this
isle: we are three of them; if the other two
be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid
thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a
brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his
tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot
drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the
shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by
this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, mon-
ster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no
standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like
dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if
thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honor? Let me lick thy
shoe:

I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I
am in case to justle a constable: Why, thou
deboshed fish thou, was there ever man a
coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I
to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being
but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let
him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster
should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I
prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your
head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—
The poor monster's my subject, and he shall
not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be
pleased

To hearken once again the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I
will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee

Before, I am subject to a tyrant;
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath
Cheated me of this island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou!
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more
in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some
of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To Caliban.*]
Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou darest;
But this thing dare not—

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed?
Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee
asleep,

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this? Thou scurvy
patch!—

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink naught but brine; for I'll not
show him

Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger:
interrupt the monster one word further, and,
by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors,
and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll
go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*strikes him.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits,
and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle!
this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on
your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee
stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with
him

I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst
brain him,

Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or pannch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not

One spirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is

The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I
warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his
daughter and I will be king and queen; (save
our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be
viceroys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat
thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good
tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honor.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry: I am full of
pleasure;

Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do rea-
son, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us
sing. [*Sings.*

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout
'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played
by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in
thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as
thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy
thee:—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and
hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes
voices,

That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in
dreaming,

The clouds, methought, would open, and
show riches

Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember
the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow
it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir; My old bones ache; here's a maze trod, indeed, Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience, I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attach'd with weariness, To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest. Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd, Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
[*Aside to SEBASTIAN.*]

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose That you resolved to effect.

Seb. The next advantage Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night; For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance, As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.
Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery: Now I will believe, That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix

At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both; And what does else want credit, come to me, And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,

Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe me, If I should say I saw such islanders, (For, certes, these are people of the island,) Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,

Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of Our human generation you shall find Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord, Thou hast said well; for some of you there present Are worse than devils.
[*Aside.*]

Alon. I cannot too much muse, Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing

(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind Of excellent dum discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing. [*Aside.*]

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers,

Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them,

Wallets of flesh; or that there were such men, Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,

Each putter-out on five for one, will bring us Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed, Although my last: no matter, since I feel The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke, Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny, (That hath to instrument this lower world, And what is in't,) the never-surfeited sea Hath caused to belch up; and on this island Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad; [Seeing ALON. SEB. &c. draw their swords. And even with such-like valor men hang and drown

Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows Are ministers of fate; the elements Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow ministers

Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt, Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,

And will not be uplifted: But, remember, (For that's my business to you,) that you three From Milan did supplant good Prospero; Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it, Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed The powers delaying, not forgetting, have Incensed the seas and shores, yea all the creatures,

Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso, They have bereft; and do pronounce by me, Lingering perdition, (worse than any death Can be at once,) shall step by step attend You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music,
enter the shapes again, and dance with
mops and mowes, and carry out the table.*

Pro. [Aside.] Bravely the figure of this
harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms
work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my
power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is
drown'd,)
And his and my loved darling.

[Exit PROSPERO from above.]

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir,
why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [Exit.]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.
[Exeunt SEB. and ANT.]

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their
great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits: I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, & MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore
Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own ac-
quisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both; therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st sug-
gestion

Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are
founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke;
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your
last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come, and go,*
And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so,*
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not
approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. [Exit.]

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Pro. Well.—

Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [Soft music.]

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;

Thy turf-mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to
keep;

Thy banks with peonied and liliated brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and
thy broom groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the
sky,

Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign
grace,

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-color'd messenger, that
ne'er

Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest houeey-drops, refreshing showers:

And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth: Why hath thy
queen

Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd
green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to
have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
sparrows,

And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go
with me,

To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honor'd in their issue.

SONG.

Jun. Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison plenty;
Barns and garner never empty;
Vines, with clustering bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send
IRIS on employment.]

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be
mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the
wandering brooks,
With your saged crowns, and ever harmless
looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green
land

Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited:
they join with the Nymphs in a graceful
dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO
starts suddenly, and speaks; after which,
to a strange, hollow, and confused noise,
they heavily vanish.

Pro. [aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[To the spirits.] Well done;—
avoid;—no more.

Fer. This is most strange: your father's in
some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir;
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is
troubled.

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank you.—
Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy
pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented
Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
drinking;
So full of valor, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd
their ears,

Advanced their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, thro'
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss,
and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left
them

I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

*Re-enter ARIEL loaden with glistening
apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this
line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. *En-
ter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO;
all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind
mole may not

Hear a foot-fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say,

is a harmless fairy, has done little better than
play'd the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at
which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster?
If I should take a displeasure against you;
look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favor still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore,
speak softly,

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the
pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dis-
honor in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting:
yet, this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be
o'er ears for my labor.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet: Seest
thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and
enter:

Do that good mischief, which may make this
island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have
bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy
Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for
thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs
to a frippery:—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this
hand I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do
you mean,

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with
pinches;

Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line,
is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under
the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your
hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level,
and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a
garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded,
while I am king of this country: *Steal by
line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate;
there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon
your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose
our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to
bear this away, where my hogshead of wine

is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury! Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[*CAL. STE. & TRIN. are driven out.*]

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,

Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari.

Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: at this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,

Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before the Cell of Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head: My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,

You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so, When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit, How fares the king and his?

Ari. Confined together In the same fashion as you gave in charge; Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell:

They cannot budge, till your release. The king, His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;

And the remainder mourning over them, Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly Him you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo*;

His tears run down his beard like winter's drops

From caves of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,

That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions? and shall not myself, One of their kind, that relish all as sharply, Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury Do I take part: the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore, And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime

Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid (Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory

Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up

The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command, Have waked their sleepers; op'd and let them forth,

By my so potent art: But this rough magic I here abjure: and, when I have required Some heavenly music (which even now I do) To work mine end upon their senses, that This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff, Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, And, deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*]

Re-enter ARIEL; after him, ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: They all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,

For you are spell-stopp'd.—

Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves
apace;

And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou followst; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh
and blood,

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who with Se-
bastian

(Whose inward pinches therefore are most
strong,)

Would here have kill'd your king; I do for-
give thee,

Unnatural though thou art!—Their under-
standing

Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—

Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;

[Exit ARIEL.]

I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to
attire PROSPERO.

Ari. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie:*

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly,

After summer, merrily:

*Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall
miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:

There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boat-
swain,

Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit ARIEL.]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and
amazement

Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:

For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;

And to thee and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r thou beest he, or no,

Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw
thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.

Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should

Prospero
Be living and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honor
cannot

Be measured, or confined.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends
all:—

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[Aside to SEB. and ANT.]

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time

I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him. [Aside.]

Pro. No:—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft
grace,

For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, portable
To make the dear loss, have I means much
weaker

Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive these
lords

At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,

That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most
strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd,
was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you
should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Tho' these seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have cursed them without cause.

[*FERD. kneels to ALON.*
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou
wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down,
you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that
his issue

Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his duke-
dom,

In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:
[*To FER. and MIR.*

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and
Boatswain amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy,
That swearst grace o'erboard, not an oath on
shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is that we have safely
found

Our king, and company: the next our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out
split,—

Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service }
Have I done since I went. } [Aside.

Pro. My tricky spirit! }

Alon. These are not natural events; they
strengthen,

From strange to stranger:—Say, how came
you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under
hatches,

Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done? }

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou } [Aside.
shalt be free. }

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men
trod:

And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of; some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd lei-
sure,

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither,
spirit; [Aside.]

Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [Exit ARIEL.] How fares
my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and
let no man take care for himself; for all is
but fortune;—Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear
in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my lord Antonio!
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my
lords,
Then say, if they be true:—This mis-shapen
knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and
ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-
devil

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken
butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: Where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where
should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—
How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I
saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of
my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano,
but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I
look'd on. [Pointing to CALIBAN.]

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise here-
after,

And seek for grace: What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage
where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[Exeunt CAL. STE. and TRIN.]

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[aside.] Please
you draw near. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.

Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Persons represented.

DUKE OF MILAN, *father to Silvia.*
 VALENTINE, } *gentlemen of Verona.*
 PROTEUS, }
 ANTONIO, *father to Proteus.*
 THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*
 EGLAMOUR, *agent for Silvia in her escape.*
 SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*
 LAUNCE, *servant to Proteus.*

PANTHINO, *servant to Antonio.*
 Host, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*
 Out-laws.

JULIA, *a lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.*
 SILVIA, *the duke's daughter, beloved by Valentine.*
 LUCETTA, *waiting woman to Julia.*

Servants, musicians.

Scene,—sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the frontiers of Mantua.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An open place in Verona.*

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;
 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
 Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
 To the sweet glances of thy honor'd love,
 I rather would entreat thy company,
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,
 Than living dully sluggardized at home,
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
 But, since thou lovest, love still, and thrive
 therein,
 Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,
 adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
 When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy
 danger,
 If ever danger do environ thee,
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
 For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep
 love,
 How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
 For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
 And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the
 boots.

Val. No, I'll not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be

In love, where scorn is bought with groans;
 coy looks,

With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's
 mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
 If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
 If lost, why then a grievous labor won;
 However, but a folly bought with wit,
 Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me
 fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll
 prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
 And he that is so yoked by a fool,
 Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
 The eating canker dwells, so eating love
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
 Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
 Even so by love the young and tender wit
 Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
 Losing his verdure even in the prime,
 And all the fair effects of future hopes.
 But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
 That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu: my father at the road
 Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our
 leave.

At Milan let me hear from thee by letters,
 Of thy success in love, and what news else
 Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
 And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so fare-
 well! [*Exit VALENTINE.*]

Pro. He after honor hunts, I after love.
 He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
 I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
 Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me;
 Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
 War with good counsel, set the world at naught;

Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already;

And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray, An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labor.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?

[*SPEED nods.*]

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—*take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck;

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard, Being destined to a drier death on shore:— I must go send some better messenger; I fear my Julia would not deign my lines, Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Garden of Julia's house.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone, Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen, That every day with parle encounter me, In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What thinkst thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;

But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What thinkst thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What thinkst thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,

That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To *Julia*.—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,

Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*]

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe,
Ay.

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!

VOL. I.

My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past:
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't you took up
So gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you
in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would
you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing
it out:

And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly
base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble
me.

Here is a coil with protestation!—

[*Tears the letter.*]

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would
be best pleased

To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the
same!

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
And here is writ—*kind Julia*;—unkind *Julia*!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus*:—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,

D

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly
heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down?
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind
bear

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia;—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your
father stays,

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-
tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them
down:

Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.

Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights
you see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A room in Antonio's
House.*

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was
that,

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor needst thou much importune me
to that

Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,

How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship
sent him thither:

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hearsweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou ad-
vised:

And, that thou mayst perceive how well I
like it,

The execution of it shall make known;

Even with the speediest expedition

I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don
Alphonso,

With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Pro-
teus go:

And, in good time,—now will we break with
him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honor's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading
there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word
or two

Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what
news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that
he writes

How happily he lives, how well beloved
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his
wish:

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:

Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou wantst, shall be sent
after thee:

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt ANT. and PANT.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear
of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am
drown'd:
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;

Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Milan. *An Apartment in the
Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for
this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's
mine:—

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for
being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know
madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First,
you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath
your arms like a male-content; to relish a
love-song, like a robin-red-breast; to walk
alone, like one that had the pestilence; to
sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A.
B. C; to weep, like a young wench that had
buried her grandam; to fast, like one that
takes diet; to watch, like one that fears rob-
bing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hal-
lowmas. You were wont, when you laughed,
to crow like a cock; when you walked, to
walk like one of the lions; when you fasted,
it was presently after dinner; when you looked
sadly, it was for want of money: and now
you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that,
when I look on you, I can hardly think you
my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without you.

Val. Without me? They cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain,
for, without you were so simple, none else
would: but you are so without these follies,
that these follies are within you, and shine
through you like the water in an urinal; that

not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician
to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady
Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits
at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I
mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on
her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favored, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favored.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you)
well-favored.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite,
but her favor infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted,
and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her
fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of
her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was
deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her;
and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you
had mine eyes; or your own had the lights
they were wont to have, when you chid at
sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her
passing deformity: for he, being in love, could
not see to garter his hose; and you, being in
love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for
last morning you could not see to wipe my
shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my
bed: I thank you, you swung me for my
love, which makes me the bolder to chide
you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so, your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, give you good even! here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains!

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—

And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aside.*

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ;

But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request;

But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:

And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labor;

And so good-morrow; servant. [*Exit SILVIA.*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock
on a steeple!

My master sues to her; and she hath taught
her suitor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a
better?

That my master, being scribe, to himself
should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning
with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that
have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam
Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she woos you by
a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made
you write to yourself? Why, do you not per-
ceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir: But
did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd,
and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well.

*For often you have writ to her; and she, in
modesty,*

*Or else for want of idle time, could not
again reply;*

*Or fearing else some messenger, that might
her mind discover,*

*Herself hath taught her love himself to
write unto her lover.—*

All this I speak in print; for in print I found
it.—

Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the
cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one
that am nourished by my victuals, and would
fain have meat: O, be not like your mistress;
be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Verona. A Room in Julia's
House.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the
sooner:

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why, then we'll make exchange; here,
take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not the tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should;

[*Exit JULIA.*

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to
grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have
done weeping; all the kind of the Launces
have this very fault: I have received my pro-
portion, like the prodigious son, and am going
with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I
think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog
that lives: my mother weeping, my father
wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling,
our cat wringing her hands, and all our house
in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-
hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a
very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in
him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to
have seen our parting; why, my grandam
having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind
at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the man-
ner of it: This shoe is my father:—no, this
left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe
is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so nei-
ther;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the
worsor sole: This shoe, with the hole in it, is
my mother; and this my father: A vengeance
on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister;
for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as
small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid;
I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I
am the dog:—O, the dog is me, and I am
myself: Ay, so, so. Now come I to my father;
Father, your blessing; now should not the
shoe speak a word for weeping; now should
I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now
come I to my mother, (O, that she could
speak now!) like a wood woman;—well, I
kiss her;—why there 'tis; here's my mother's
breath up and down: now come I to my sister;
mark the moan she makes: now the dog all
this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word;
but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard: thy
master is shipped, and thou art to post after

with oars. What's the matter? why weepest
thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the
tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tyed were lost;
for it is the unkindest tyed that ever any man
tyed.

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's tyed here; Crab, my
dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the
flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage;
and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master;
and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and
in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop
my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and
the master, and the service? The tide!—
Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able
to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down,
I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was sent
to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Milan. An Apartment in the
Duke's Palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and
SPEED.*

Sil. Servant—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change
color?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind
of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your
blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end
ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.

Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves The honor and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy We have conversed, and spent our hours together:

And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time, To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection; Yet hath sir Proteus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days: His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; And, in a word, (for far behind his worth Come all the praises that I now bestow,) He is complete in feature, and in mind, With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,

He is as worthy for an empress' love, As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me, With commendation from great potentates; And here he means to spend his time awhile: I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, sir Thurio:— For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it: I'll send him hither to you presently.

[*Exit Duke.*]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,

Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchised them,

Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself. Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favor.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,

If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant

To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed; Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Serv.*]

Come, sir Thurio, Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:

I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;

I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now: I have done penance for contemning love;

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd
me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled
eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's
sorrow.

O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your
eye:

Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly
saint?

Pro. No; but she's an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in
praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter
pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not
divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honor,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favor growing prond,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is
this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is no-
thing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies
nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why man, she is
mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou knowst, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betrothed;
Nay, more, our marriage hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted; and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessities that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.— [Exit VAL.]

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.]

SCENE V. *The same. A street.*

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome
to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth;
for I am not welcome. I reckon this always
—that a man is never undone, till he be hanged;
nor never welcome to a place, till some cer-
tain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the
ale-house with you presently; where, for one
shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand
welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master
part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest,
they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter
with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well
with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand
thee not,

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou sayst?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayst thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,

Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear;

O sweet suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverent tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.

I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:

If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.

I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still more precious in itself;
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.

I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.

I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor;

Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;

For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.

Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.]

SCENE VII. *Verona. A Room in Julia's House.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charact'rd and engraved,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honor, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, knowst thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;

But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damst it up, the more it burns;

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou knowst, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;

But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,

And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make
your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good
my lord,

"What compass will you wear your far-
thingale?"

Why, even that fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a
cod-piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-
favor'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth
a pin,

Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou thinkst meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute
me,

For undertaking so unstaid a journey?

I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and
go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeased, when you are
gone:

I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:

A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,

And instances as infinite of love,

Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base
effect!

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;

His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;

His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;

His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from
earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you
come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lovest me, do him not
that wrong,

To bear a hard opinion of his truth:

Only deserve my love, by loving him;

And presently go with me to my chamber,

To take a note of what I stand in need of,

To furnish me upon my longing journey.

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,

My goods, my lands, my reputation;

Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence:

Come, answer not, but to it presently;

I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Milan. *An Anti-room in the
Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray,
awhile;

We have some secrets to confer about.—

[*Exit THURIO.*]

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with
me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would
discover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal:

But, when I call to mind your gracious favors
Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that

Which else no worldly good should draw from
me.

Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;

And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose

To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you
down,

Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest
care;

Which to requite, command me while I live.

This love of theirs myself have often seen,

Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;

And oftentimes have purposed to forbid

Sir Valentine her company, and my court:

But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,

And so unworthily disgrace the man,

(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,) I

gave him gentle looks; thereby to find

That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.

And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,

Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,

I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,

The key whereof myself have ever kept;

And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a
mean

How he her chamber-window will ascend,

And with a corded ladder fetch her down;

For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently ;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept
him.

But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at ;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honor, he shall never
know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord ; sir Valentine is
coming. [Exit.]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter ; stay with me
awhile ;

I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be
secret.

'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the
match
Were rich and honorable ; besides, the gen-
tleman

Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter :
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him ?

Duke. No, trust me ; she is peevish, sullen,
froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father :
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like
duty,

I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in :
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower ;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do
in this ?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect ; but she is nice, and coy,
And naught esteems my aged eloquence :
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long ago I have forgot to court :
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed ;)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not
words ;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's
mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I
sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best
contents her :

Send her another ; never give her o'er ;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.

If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you :

If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away* :
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels'
faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she, I mean, is promised by her
friends

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth ;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and
keys kept safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her
window ?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the
ground ;

And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder quaintly made of
cords,

To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it ? pray, sir, tell
me that.

Duke. This very night ; for love is like a
child,

That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a
ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee ; I will go to her alone ;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither ?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may
bear it

Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve
the turn ?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak ;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn,
my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a
cloak ?—

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same ? What's here ?—*To*

Silvia!

And here an engine fit for my proceeding !
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

[Reads.]

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia
nightly ;
And slaves they are to me, that send them
flying :*

*O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they
are lying.*

*My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest
them ;*

*While I, their king, that thither them im-
portune,*

*Do curse the grace that with such grace hath
bless'd them,*

*Because myself do want my servants' for-
tune :*

*I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord
should be.*

What's here ?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee !

'Tis so ; and here's the ladder for the purpose. —

Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,) —

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world ?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on
thee ?

Go, base intruder ! over-weening slave !

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates ;

And think, my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence :

Thank me for this, more than for all the favors

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.

Begone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,

But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from
hence. [Exit DUKE.]

Val. And why not death rather than living
torment ?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself ;

And Silvia is myself ; banish'd from her,

Is self from self ; a deadly banishment !

What light is light, if Silvia be not seen ?

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by ?

Unless it be to think that she is by,

And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

Except I be by Silvia in the night,

There is no music in the nightingale ;

Unless I look on Silvia in the day,

There is no day for me to look upon :

She is my essence ; and I leave to be,

If I be not by her fair influence

Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.

I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom :

Tarry I here, I but attend on death ;

But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho ! so-ho !

Pro. What seest thou ?

Laun. Him we go to find : there's not a hair
on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine ?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then ? his spirit ?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then ?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak ? master, shall I
strike ?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike ?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing : I pray
you—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear : Friend Valen-
tine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear
good news,

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn
me!—

What is your news ?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you
are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banished, O, that's the
news :

From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy
friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd ?

Pro. Ay, ay ; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force,)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears :
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd ;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self ;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so be-
came them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe :

But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,

Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,

Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire ;

But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chafed him so

When she for thy repeal was suppliant,

That to close prison he commanded her,

With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more ; unless the next word that thou
speakst,

Have some malignant power upon my life :

If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,

As ending anthem of my endless dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not
help,

And study help for that which thou lamentst.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love ;

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.

Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,

And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest
my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the
north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valen-
tine.

Val. O my dear Silvia; hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*]

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet
I have the wit to think, my master is a kind
of knave: but that's all one, if he be but one
knave. He lives not now, that knows me to
be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of
horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who
'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but that
woman, I will not tell myself: and yet 'tis a
milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath
had gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her
master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath
more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is
much in a bare christian. Here is the cat-log
[*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Im-
primis, *She can fetch and carry.* Why, a
horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch,
but only carry; therefore, is she better than a
jade. Item, *She can milk;* look you, a sweet
virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what
news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still, mistake the
word: What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou
heardst.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst
not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who
begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son
of thy grandmother: this proves that thou
canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy
paper.

Laun. There: and saint Nicholas be thy
speed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb,—
Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock
with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need
not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, *She can spin.*

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels,
when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless vir-
tues.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard
virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers,
and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kissed fast-
ing, in respect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with
a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

Laun. That makes amends for her sour
breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep
not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain, that set this down among
her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's
only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place
it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy,
and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I
love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth
to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her
liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if
she will not, I will; for good things should be
praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's
writ down she is slow of: of her purse she
shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now of ano-
ther thing she may; and that I cannot help.
Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than
wit, and more faults than hairs, and more
wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was
mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that
last article: Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than
wit.*—

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll
prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt,
and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair
that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for
the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. — And more faults than hairs, —

Laun. That's monstrous: O that that were out!

Speed. — And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible, —

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then I will tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay, who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! *[Exit.]*

Laun. Now will he be swung for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE and THURIO; PROTEUS behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. —
How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duk. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duk. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so. —
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou knowst how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duk. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:

Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,

Your slander never can endamage him;

Therefore the office is indifferent,

Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,

By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,

She shall not long continue love to him.

But say, this weed her love from Valentine,

It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,

Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,

You must provide to bottom it on me:

Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;

Because we know, on Valentine's report,

You are already love's firm votary,

And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.

Upon this warrant shall you have access,

Where you with Silvia may confer at large;

For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,

And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;

Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,

To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect: —

But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;

You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,

By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes,
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:

Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears

Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,

That may discover such integrity: —

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,

Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans

Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

After your dire lamenting elegies,

Visit by night your lady's chamber window

With some sweet concert: to their instruments

Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence

Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,

Let us into the city presently,
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music:
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.
Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after
supper;
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon
you. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Forest, near Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down
with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you
have about you:

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the
villains

That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 Out. That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 Out. Peace; we'll hear him.

3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to
lose;

A man I am, cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might
have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to
rehearse:

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 Out. Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 Out. Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me
happy;

Or else I often had been miserable.

3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's
fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 Out. We'll have him: sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;

It is an honorable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 Out. Tell us this: Have you any thing to
take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 Out. Know then, that some of us are gen-
tlemen,

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as
these.

But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives,)
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;—

2 Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?

To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 Out. What sayst thou? wilt thou be of our
consort?

Say ay, and be the captain of us all:

We'll do thee homage, and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou
diest.

2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we
have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Milan. Court of the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the color of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,

The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her
window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO and Musicians.

Thu. How now, sir Proteus? are you crept
before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio: for, you know, that
love

Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gen-
tlemen,

Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

*Enter Host, at a distance; and JULIA in
boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks
you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be
merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll
bring you where you shall hear music, and
see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. *[Music plays.]*

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? What is she,

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she;

*The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

Is she kind, as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness:

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness:

And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing,

Upon the dull earth dwelling:

To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you
were before?

How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves
my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me
have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play
but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one
thing. But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we
talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told
me, he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-mor-
row, by his master's command, he must carry
for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. *[Exeunt THUR. & Musicians.]*

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's
truth,

You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!

Thinkst thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceived so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And by and by intend to chide myself,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried. *[Aside.]*

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,

I am betroth'd: And art thou not ashamed

To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers
thence;

Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that. *[Aside.]*

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,

The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:

For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;

And to your shadow I will make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would sure deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir; But, since your falsehood shall become you well To worship shadows, and adore false shapes, Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it: And so good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night, That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt PRO. and SIL. from above.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia Entreated me to call and know her mind; There's some great mattershe'd employ me in.—Madam, madam!

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend; One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself. According to your ladyship's impose, I am thus early come, to know what service It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman, (Think not, I flatter, for I swear, I do not,) Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd. Thou art not ignorant, what dear good-will I bear unto the banish'd Valentine; Nor how my father would enforce me marry Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd. Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say, No grief did ever come so near thy heart, As when thy lady and thy true love died, Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity. Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine, To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode; And, for the ways are dangerous to pass, I do desire thy worthy company, Upon whose faith and honor I repose. Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour, But think upon my grief, a lady's grief; And on the justice of my flying hence, To keep me from a most unholy match, Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart As full of sorrows as the sea of sands, To bear me company, and go with me: If not, to hide what I have said to thee, That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances; Which since I know they virtuously are placed, I give consent to go along with you

Recking as little what betideth me, As much I wish all good befortune you. When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell, Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship: Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter LAUNCE, with his dog.

Laun. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while; but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog,* says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out,* says the third; *Hang him up,* says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend,* quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog?* Ay, *murry, do I,* quoth he. *You do him the more wrong,* quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou thinkst not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well, And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant? [*To LAUNCE.* Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says your dog was a cur; and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,

Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stayst thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end turns me to shame.

[*Exit LAUNCE.*]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lout;
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:

She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved her not, to leave her token:

She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she loved you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit PROTEUS.*]

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger!)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refused;

To praise his faith, which I would have dispraised.

I am my master's true confirmed love;

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet I will woo for him: but yet so coldly,

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you be my mean

To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O!—he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[*Picture brought.*]

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:

I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will
break

As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends
it me;

For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger hath profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What sayst thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her
much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath for-
sook her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause
of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you:
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a good,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou
lovest her.

Farewell. [Exit SILVIA.]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er
you know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a color'd periwig.
Her eyes are gray as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved, and
adored;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour!
Out at the postern by the abbey wall;
I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat
rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what
it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face
is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies'
eyes;

For I had rather wink than look on them. [Aside.]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love
and peace?

Jul. But better indeed, when you hold your
peace. [Aside.]

Thu. What says she to my valor?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it
cowardice. [Aside.]

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well derived.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [Aside.]

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe them.
[Aside.]

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus? how now,
Thurio?

Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that pea-
sant Valentine;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she ;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it :
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even : and there she was not :
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently ; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are
fled :

Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.
[Exit.

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her :
I'll after ; more to be revenged on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [Exit.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exit.

SCENE III. *Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.*

Enter SILVIA, and Out-laws.

Out. Come, come ;
Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this
one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was
with her ?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath out-
run us,

But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood ;
There is our captain : we'll follow him that's
fled ;

The thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our
captain's cave :

Fear not ; he bears an honorable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee !
[Exit.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the Forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man !
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was !
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain !
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day ?
These are my mates, that make their wills
their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chace :
They love me well ; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Withdraw thee, Valentine ; who's this comes
here ?
[Steps aside.

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Tho' you respect not aught your servant doth,)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honor and your
love.

Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look ;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear !
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. [Aside.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am !

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou makest me most
unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to
your presence. [Aside.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul ;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perjured Proteus :

Therefore begone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next
to death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look ?

O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they're be-
loved.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's
beloved.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend
thy faith

Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst
two,

And that's far worse than none ; better have
none

Than plural faith, which is too much by one :
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend ?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end ;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force
you.

Sil. O heaven !

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch ;
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. Valentine !

Val. Thou common friend, that's without
faith or love,

(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man !
Thou hast beguiled my hopes ; naught but
mine eye

Could have persuaded me : Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive ; thou wouldst dis-
prove me.

Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most
curs't!

'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the
worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are
pleased;

By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeased:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. O me, unhappy! [*Faints.*]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now?
what is the matter?

Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charged me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*]

Pro. How! let me see:

Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[*Shows another ring.*]

Pro. But, how camest thou by this ring? at
my depart,
I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy
oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men
their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true: O
heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through
all sins:

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long
foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish
for ever.

Jul. And I have mine.

Enter Out-laws, with DUKE and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banish'd Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy
death;

Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duk. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—

Now, by the honor of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—

Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath
made me happy.

I now beseech you for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men that I have kept
withal,

Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:

They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them,
and thee;

Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him;
he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace
than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—

Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Persons represented.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
 EGEUS, *Father to Hermia.*
 LYSANDER, } *in love with Hermia.*
 DEMETRIUS, }
 PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Revels to Theseus.*
 QUINCE, *the Carpenter.*
 SNUG, *the Joiner.*
 BOTTOM, *the Weaver.*
 FLUTE, *the Bellows-mender.*
 SNOUT, *the Tinker.*
 STARVELING, *the Tailor.*
 HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*

HERMIA, *Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*
 HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*
 OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*
 TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*
 PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, *a Fairy.*
 PEAS-BLOSSOM, }
 COBWEB, } *Fairies.*
 MOTH, }
 MUSTARD-SEED, }
 PYRAMUS, }
 THISBE, } *Characters in the Inter-*
 WALL, } *lude performed by the*
 MOONSHINE, } *Clowns.*
 LION, }

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on THESEUS and HIPPOLYTA.

Scene,—Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. A Room in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
 Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
 Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
 This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
 Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
 Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
 Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
 And then the moon, like to a silver bow
 New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
 Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
 Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
 The pale companion is not for our pomp.—

[*Exit PHILOS.*]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
 And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
 Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
 Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her:—
 Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
 This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her
 rhymes,

And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
 Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; mes-
 sengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
 heart;

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious
 duke,

Be it so she will not here before your grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
 Which shall be either to this gentleman,
 Or to her death; according to our law,
 Immediately provided in that case.

The. Whatsay you, Hermia? be advised, fair
 maid:

To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and, by the next
new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,) —
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would:
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—And, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love:

And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,

Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke
thereof;

But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—

Come, my Hippolyta; What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:

I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.
[*Exeunt THESE. HIP. EGE. DEM. and train.*]

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek
so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could
well

Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood;—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of
friends:

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever
cross'd,

It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and
sighs,

Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me,
Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;

And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage
queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes
Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. Godspeed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair? O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's
sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds
appear.

Sickness is catching; O, were favor so!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my
smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection
move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; Would that
fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see
my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.—

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Her. And in the wood where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes

To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit HERM.*

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit Lys.*

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some
can be!

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:

And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.

As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where:

For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia
felt,

So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:

Then to the wood will he to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence

If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,

To have his sight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in a Cottage.*

*Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOOT,
QUINCE, and STARVELING.*

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally,
man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's
name, which is thought fit, through all Athens,
to play in our interlude before the duke and
duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the
play treats on; then read the names of the
actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most la-
mentable comedy, and most cruel death of
Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure
you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince,
call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters,
spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom,
the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and
proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for
Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humor is for a tyrant: I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks,

“With shivering shocks,

“Shall break the locks

“Of prison-gates:

“And *Phibbus*’ car

“Shall shine from far,

“And make and mar

“The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is *Ercles*’ vein, a tyrant’s vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flute. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That’s all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* too: I’ll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisne, Thisne—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

Quin. No, no; you must play *Pyramus*; and, *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play *Thisby*’s mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, *Pyramus*’s father; myself, *Thisby*’s father;—*Snug*, the joiner, you, the lion’s part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion’s part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar that I will do any man’s heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, Let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek: and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother’s son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an ’twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*: for *Pyramus* is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer’s day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colored beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-color beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog’d with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke’s oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and PUCK at another.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon’s sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green:

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favors,

In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip’s ear.

Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I’ll be gone;

Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;

Take heed the queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy, stol’n from an Indian king;

She never had so sweet a changeling :
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forest wild :
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all
her joy :

And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square ; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making
quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow : are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villagery ;
Skim milk ; and sometimes labor in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife
churn ;

And sometime make the drink to bear no barm ;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their
harm ?

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good
luck :

Are not you he ?

Puck. Thou speakst aright ;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab ;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough ;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and
loffe ;

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
Put room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress :—Would that
he were gone !

SCENE II.

*Enter OBERON, at one door, with his train,
and TITANIA, at another, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon ? Fairy, skip
hence ;

I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton ; am not I thy lord ?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady : But I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India ?

But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded ; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmer-
ing night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished ?
And make him with fair *Æglé* break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa ?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy :
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our
sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs ; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents :
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat ; and the green
corn

Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard :
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock ;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud ;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable :
The human mortals want their winter here ;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest :—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound :
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set : The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries ; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is
which :

And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension ;
We are their parents and originals.

Obe. Do you amend it then : it lies in you :
Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order :
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossipp'd by my side ;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood ;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind ;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
(Following her womb, then rich with my young
squire,)

Would imitate ; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,

As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us:
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away:
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt TITANIA, and her train.*]

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou rememberst

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not,)

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;

And the imperial votaress pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,—

And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower: the herb I show'd thee once:

The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit Puck.*]

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.

But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.

Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou toldst me, they were stol'n into this wood,

And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet with Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;

But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel; leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worsè place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. I tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;

For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,

To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valor flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt* DEM. and HEL.]

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do
leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows;
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd
skin,

Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this
grove:

A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.

Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall
do so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern
wings,

To make my small elves coats; and some
keep back

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and
wonders

At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

1 Fai. *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:*

CHORUS. *Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.*

II.

2 Fai. *Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners,
hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

CHORUS. *Philomel, with melody, &c.*

1 Fai. Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt* Fairies. TITANIA sleeps.]

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on* TITANIA's eye-lids.
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wakest, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering
in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my
dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my inno-
cence;

Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!

Her. Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!
Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes
be press'd! [*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,

On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wakest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[Exit DEMETRIUS.]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery
eyne?—

But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake. [Waking.]

Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord,
what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia! No: I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their
season:

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery
born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this
scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth,
you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another, therefore be abused!

[Exit.]

Lys. She sees not Hermia!—Hermia, sleep
thou there;

And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,

Are hated most of those they did deceive;

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,

Of all be hated; but the most of me!

And all my powers, address your love and
might,

To honor Helen, and to be her knight. [Exit.]

Her. [starting.] Help me, Lysander, help
me! do thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my
breast!

Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here?

Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear:

Methought a serpent eat my heart away,

And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:—

Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!

What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no
word?

Alack, where are you? speak, an if you
hear;

Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with
fear.

No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh;
Or death, or you, I'll find immediately.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What sayst thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.—

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play.

Bot. A calendar! a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.
Pyr. *Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—*

Quin. Odors, odors.

Pyr. ——— odors savours sweet:

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear,—

*But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear.*

[*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [Aside.—*Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,*

Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire*.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.—Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[*Exeunt Clowns.*]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOOT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

[*Exit.*]

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[*Sings.*]

*The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawney bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;*

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

[*Waking.*]

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again; Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note, So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape; And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have

little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can glee upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go; Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate; The summer still doth tend upon my state; And I do love thee; therefore, go with me; I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee; And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep, And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so, That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman; Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes; Feed him with apricocks and dewberries, With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries; The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees, And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs, And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes, To have my love to bed, and to arise; And pluck the wings from painted butterflies, To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes; Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!

2 *Fai.* Hail!

3 *Fai.* Hail!

4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships' mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you, more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.**Enter OBERON.*

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?

What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes: When they
him spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears,
thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all
things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd
too,—

And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves
you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use
thee worse:

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,

Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bored; and that the
moon

May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so
should I,

Pierced through the heart with your stern
cruelty:

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? Where
is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my
hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me
past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him,
then?

Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave
touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mis-
prised mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is
well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get
therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

[*Exit.*]

Dem. There is no following her in this
fierce vein:

Here, therefore, for awhile I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now, in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lies down.*]

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mis-
taken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's
sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd
true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that one man
holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the
wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find :
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood
dear :

By some illusion see thou bring her here ;
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go ; look, how I go :
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

[Exit.]

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye !
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wakest, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand ;
And the youth mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee ;
Shall we their fond pageant see ?
Lord, what fools these mortals be !

Obe. Stand aside : the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one ;
That must needs be sport alone ;
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should
woo in scorn ?

Scorn and derision never come in tears :
Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true ?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more
and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray !
These vows are Hermia's : Will you give her
o'er ?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh :

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh ; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none in my mind, now you give
her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not
you.

Dem. [awaking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine !

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne ?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow !
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou holdst up thy hand : O let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss !
Hel. O spite ! O hell ! I see you all are bent

To set against me for your merriment.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls, to mock me too ?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so ;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your
hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia ;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena :
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision ! none, of noble sort,
Would so offend a virgin ; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius ; be not so ;
For you love Hermia ; this, you know, I know :
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part ;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle
breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia ; I will
none :

If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd ;
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not
know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
Look where thy love comes ; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his
function takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence :—

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found :
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth
press to go ?

Her. What love could press Lysander from
my side ?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let
him bide,

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.

Why seekst thou me ? could not this make
thee know,

The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so ?
Her. You speak not as you think ; it
cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy !
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,

To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia ! most ungrateful maid !

Have you conspired, have you with these
contrived

To bait me with this foul derision ?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,

The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
All school-day friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needls created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?

It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not, it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, perséver, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mowes upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;

Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers.—

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, sir:—he will seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;

But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let loose;

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth: and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond; for I perceive,

A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I Hermia: Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be certain nothing truer; 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our staturs, she hath urged her height;

And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—

And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?

How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter
with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd
you;

Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence: and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that
hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm
thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you
take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and
shrewd:

She was a vixen when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and
little?—

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services:
Let her alone; speak not of Helena:
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow if thou darest, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek
by jole. [Exit *Lys.* and *DEM.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your cursed company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [Exit.]

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to
say. [Exit, pursuing *HELENA.*]

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mis-
takest,
Or else commitst thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mis-
took.

Did not you tell me, I should know the man

By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place
to fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.

Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius:
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never
end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be
peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with
haste;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here
and there,

Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits
all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd
night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[Exit *OBERON.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter *LYSANDER.*

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?
speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready.
Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

[*Exit Lys. as following the voice.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide
thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to
the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou lookst for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come,
thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defiled,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no man-
hood here. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
[*Lies down.*
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.
[*Sleeps.*]

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why comest
thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou darest; for well
I wot,
Thou runst before me, shifting every place;
And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou
shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be visited.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east;
That I may back to Athens by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest:—
And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's
eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[*Sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:—
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down.*]

Puck. On the ground

Sleep sound;

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER'S eye.*]

When thou wakest,

Thou takest

True delight

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye:

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown:

Jack shall have Jill;

Naught shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all
shall be well.

[*Exit PUCK.—DEM. HEL. &c. sleep.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies at-
tending; OBERON behind, unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery
bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—
Where's monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get
your weapons in your hand, and kill me a
red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle;
and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag.
Do not fret yourself too much in the action,
monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care
the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to
have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.
—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-
seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good
monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

OBERON *advances.* Enter PUCK.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.

For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be;
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*]

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

Obe. Silence, awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—

Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music: such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:

We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Horns sound within.*]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS,
and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go:
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus,
once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian
bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what
nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here
asleep:

And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe

The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS,
LYSANDER, HERMIA, and HELENA, wake
and start up.

The. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.*

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you are two rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)

I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away, they would,
Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither followed them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now

As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,

Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:

But, like in sickness, did I loath this food:

But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—

Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.

And, for the morning now is something worn,

Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt THE. HIP. EGE. and train.*

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,

When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,

The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him:

And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

As they go out, BOTTOM awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.—Hey, ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it after death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Athens. *A Room in Quince's House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred: It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married; if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us

Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?

What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief how many sports are ripe;

Make choice of which your highness will see first. [Giving a paper.]

The. reads.] The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd

When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death

Of learning, late deceased in beggary.

That is some satire, keen, and critical,

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,

And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth.

Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!

That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,

Which never labor'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world:
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in;—and take your places,
ladies. *[Exit PHILOSTRATE.]*

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-
charged,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is addrest.

The. Let him approach.

[Flourish of trumpets.]

Enter Prologue.

Prol. If we offend, it is with our good-will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite.

*We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here
repent you,*

*The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.*

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue, like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;

"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

"This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certain.

"This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

"Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder;

"And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

"To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.

"This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

"Presenteth moonshine: for, if you will know,

"By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

"To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

"This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,

"The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,

"Did scare away, or rather did affright:

"And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;

"Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:

"Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,

"And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain:

"Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

"He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

"And, Thisbe tarrying in mulberry shade,

"His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

"Let lion, moonshine, wall, and lovers twain,

"At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[Exeunt Prol. This. Lion and Moonshine.]

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth befall,
"That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:

"And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 "That had in it a crannied hole, or chink,
 "Through which the lovers, Pyramus and
 Thisby,
 "Did whisper often very secretly.
 "This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone,
 doth show
 "That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
 "And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 "Through which the fearful lovers are to
 whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to
 speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I
 heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "O grim-look'd night! O night with
 hue so black!

"O night, which ever art when day is not!

"O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

"I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—

"And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

"That standst between her father's ground
 and mine;

"Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

"Show me thy chink, to blink through with
 mine eyne. [*Wall holds up his fingers.*

"Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee
 well for this!

"But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

"O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;

"Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible,
 should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *De-
 ceiving me*, is Thisby's cue: she is to enter
 now, and I am to spy her through the wall.
 You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—
 Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my
 moans,

"For parting my fair Pyramus and me:

"My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;

"Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in
 thee."

Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,

"To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

"Thisby!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
 grace;

"And like Limander am I trusty still."

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this
 vile wall."

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips
 at all."

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me
 straightway?"

This. "Tide life, tide death, I come without
 delay."

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part dis-
 charged so;

"And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.*

The. Now is the mural down between the
 two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are
 so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows;
 and the worst are no worse, if imagination
 amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and
 not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than
 they of themselves, they may pass for excel-
 lent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a
 moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts
 do fear

"The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps
 on floor,

"May now, perchance, both quake and tremble
 here,

"When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

"Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am

"A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:

"For if I should as lion come in strife

"Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good con-
 science.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that
 e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valor.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord: for his valor cannot
 carry his discretion; and the fox carries the
 goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry
 his valor; for the goose carries not the fox. It
 is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us
 listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon
 present:"

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his
 head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are
 invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon
 present;

"Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest:
 the man should be put into the lantern: How
 is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the can-
 dle, for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: Would,
 he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of dis-
 cretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in
 courtesy, in all reason we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you,
 that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the

moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh."—

[*The Lion roars.—Thisbe runs off.*]

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well moused, lion.

[*The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, & exit.*]

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vanishes.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams:

"I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright,

"For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

"I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

"But stay;—O spite!

"But mark;—Poor knight,

"What dreadful dole is here?

"Eyes, do you see?

"How can it be?

"O dainty duck! O dear!

"Thy mantle good,

"What, stain'd with blood?

"Approach, ye furies fell!

"O fates! come, come;

"Cut thread and thrum;

"Quail, crush, conclude and quell!"

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?

"Sincelionvilehathhere deflower'dmydear.

"Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

"That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.

"Come, tears, confound:

"Out, sword, and wound

"The pap of Pyramus:

"Ay, that left pap,

"Where heart doth hop:

"Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

"Now am I dead,

"Now am I fled;

"My soul is in the sky:

"Tongue, lose thy light!

"Moon, take thy flight!

"Now die, die, die, die, die."

[*Dies.—Exit Moonshine.*]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*.—

This. "Asleep, my love?

"What, dead, my love?

"O Pyramus, arise,

"Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

"Dead, dead? A tomb

"Must cover thy sweet eyes.

"These lily brows,

"This cherry nose,

"These yellow cowslip cheeks,

"Are gone, are gone:

"Lovers, make moan!

"His eyes were green as leeks.

"O sisters three,

"Come, come, to me,

"With hands as pale as milk;

"Lay them in gore,

"Since you have shore

"With shears his thread of silk.

"Tongue, not a word:—

"Come, trusty sword;

"Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

"And farewell, friends;—

"Thus Thisby ends:

"Adieu, adieu, adieu." [Dies.

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of Clowns.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn, As much as we this night have overwatch'd. This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—

A fortnight hold we this solemnity In nightly revels, and new jollity. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON & TITANIA, with their train.

Obe. Through this house give glimmering
light,

By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.

To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace:
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.

Trip away;

Make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt OBE. TITA. and train.*]

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

[Exit.]

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Persons represented.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, *a country Justice.*

SLENDER, *cousin to Shallow.*

MR. FORD, } *two gentlemen dwelling at*
MR. PAGE, } *Windsor.*

WILLIAM PAGE, *a boy, son to Mr. Page.*

SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welch parson.*

DR. CAIUS, *a French physician.*

Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, } *followers of Falstaff.*
PISTOL, }
NYM, }

ROBIN, *page to Falstaff.*

SIMPLE, *servant to Slender.*

RUGBY, *servant to Dr. Caius.*

MRS. FORD.

MRS. PAGE.

MRS. ANNE PAGE, *her daughter, in love with Fenton.*

MRS. QUICKLY, *servant to Dr. Caius.*

Servants to PAGE, FORD, &c.

Scene,—Windsor, and the parts adjacent.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Windsor. *Before Page's House.*

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not: I will make a star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty sir John Falstuffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that we do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white lues in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but this is all one: If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to

make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizamenta in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Ann Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery verson for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham, and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I love you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slender. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotsale.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slender. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes sir John.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this:—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, sir John, good worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.—Slender,

I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slender. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slender. Ay, it is no matter.

Pistol. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slender. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humor.

Slender. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicit*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicit*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pistol. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear*? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slender. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pistol. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:

Word of denial in thy labras here;

Word of denial; froth and scum, thou liest.

Slender. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass good humors: I will say, *marry trap*, with you, if you run the nuthook's humor on me; that is the very note of it.

Slender. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions passed the careires.

Slender. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but

'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistress ANNE PAGE with wine; Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit ANNE PAGE.*]

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[*Kissing her.*]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but SHAL. SLEN. & EVANS.*]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

Sim. *Book of Riddles!* why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here:—Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says; I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But this is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth;—therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt SHAL. & EVA.*]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth; Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Exit SIMPLE.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you; I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three venays for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slén. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England:—You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slén. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson loose, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favor'd rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slén. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir; come, come.

Slén. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slén. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slén. Truly, I will not go first, truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slén. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way; and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page; I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheesar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man, a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive.

[*Exit BARD.*]

Pist. O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humor conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humor of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humor is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol; indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am sir John Falstaff's.*

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humor pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy, say I.*

Nym. The humor rises; it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eyliads: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humor.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too: she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to

me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humor; here, take the humor letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [to ROB.] bear you these letters tightly;

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.—Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;

Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humor of this age, French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page. [Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN.]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor: Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humors of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humors, I:

I will discuss the humor of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humor shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humor.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A Room in Dr. Caius's House.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, & RUGBY.

Quick. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch. [Exit RUGBY.]

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colored beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [Shuts Simple in the closet.] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—and down, down, adown-a, &c. [Sings.]

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys: Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box: Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [Aside.]

Caius. *Fe, fe fe, fe! mai foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grand affaire.*

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; Depeche, quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?*

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villany! *larron!* [Pulling Simple out.] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall the honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so flegmatic;

hear the truth of it : He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue :—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la ; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper :—Tarry you a little-a while.

[*writes.*]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet : if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy ;—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can : and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house ; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself ;—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hands.

Quick. Are you avised o' that ? you shall find it a great charge : and to be up early, and down late ;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear ; I would have no words of it ;) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page ; but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape ; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh ; by gar, it is a shallenge : I vill cut his troat in de park ; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make :—you may be gone ; it is not good you tarry here ;—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones ; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog.

[*Exit SIM.*]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat :—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest ; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon :—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well : we must give folks leave to prate : What, the good-ger !

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me ;—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door :—Follow my heels, Rugby. [*Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.*]

Quick. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that : never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do ; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho ?

Quick. Who's there, I trow ? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman ; how dost thou ?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news ? how does pretty mistress Anne ?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle ; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way ; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkst thou ? Shall I not lose my suit ?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above : but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you :—Have not your worship a wart above your eye ?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I ; what of that ?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale ;—good faith, it is such another Nan :—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread :—We had an hour's talk of that wart ;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company !—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing : But for you—Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day : Hold, there's money for thee ; let me have thy voice in my behalf : if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I ? i'faith, that we will : and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence ; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell ; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*]

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman ; but Anne loves him not ; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does :—Out upon't ! what have I forgot ?

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Before Page's House.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What ! have I scaped love-letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them ? Let me see : [*reads.*]

Ask me no reason why I love you : for though love use reason for his precisian, he

admits him not for his counsellor : You are not young, no more am I ; go to then, there's sympathy : you are merry, so am I ; Ha ! ha ! then there's more sympathy : you love sack, and so do I ; would you desire better sympathy ? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not

*say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase ;
but I say, love me. By me,
Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honor!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honor: What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep placé together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's

the twin brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*]

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford: He loves thy gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou, Like sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels: O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell. Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night;

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—

Away, sir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit PIST.*]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true; [*To PAGE.*] I like

not the humor of lying. He hath wronged me in some humors; I should have borne the humored letter to her: but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humor of bread and cheese; and there's the humor of it. Adieu. [Exit NYM.]

Page. The humor of it, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humor out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[Aside to Mrs. FORD.]

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[Exeunt Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Mrs. QUICKLY.]

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man

may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head; I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter Host, and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What sayst thou, bully-rook?

[They go aside.]

Shal. Will you [to PAGE] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go on, hearts?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page: 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[Exeunt Host, SHALLOW, and PAGE.]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labor; if she be otherwise, 'tis labor well bestowed. [Exit.]

SCENE II. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.—
I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honor, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Thinkst thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a throng:—to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honor!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honor precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honor! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent; what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well, mistress Ford:—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature, Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford:—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never

have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk,) and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—master Ford, her husband, will be from home, Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as far-tuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will,

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me! [*Exeunt QUICKLY and ROBIN.*]

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights; Give fire: she is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them all! [*Exit PISTOL.*]

Fal. Sayst thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit BARD.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a

man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a dotting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance
love pursues;*

*Pursuing that that flies, and flying what
pursues.*

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you

would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favored. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [Exit.]

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his

wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour.—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit.]

SCENE III. Windsor Park.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, & Page.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slender. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are

justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur Muck-water.

Caius. Muck-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Muck-water, in our English tongue, is valor, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as de Englishman:—Scurvy jack-dog-priest; by gar, me vil cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, mas-

ter guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humor he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal. and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor. [*Exeunt PAGE, SHAL. and SLEN.*]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mrs. Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Cai. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS & SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physic*?

Sim. Marry, sir, the city-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and tremping of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—pless my soul! [*Sings.*]

To shallow rivers, to whose falls

Melodious birds sing madrigals;

There will we make our peds of roses,

And a thousand fragrant posies.

To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals;—

When as I sat in Pabylon,—

And a thousand vagram posies.

To shallow—

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome:—

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh!

Eva. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge!

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibernates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slén. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humors; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-comb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diabie!*—Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jarterre, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gualia and Gaul, French and Welch; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. —Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slén. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt SHAL. SLÉN. PAGE, & Host.*]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Street in Windsor.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs. PAGE & ROBIN.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, Sir HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, & RUGBY.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good-will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a-me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have, waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and SLENDER.*]

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon. [*Exit RUGBY.*]

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit Host.*]

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say.

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering,) take this basket on your shoulders;

that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Begone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

Rob. My master sir John is come in at your back door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou art a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit ROBIN.*]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs. PAGE.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpkin;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not: nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisp'ing hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear, you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.— [*FALSTAFF hides himself.*]

Enter Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.— [*Aside.*]—'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand, you had rather, and you had rather; your husband's

here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He is too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel:—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit ROBIN; Re-enter Servants.*] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir H. EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck! buck! buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck: and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—So, now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*]

Eva. This is fery fantastical humors, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Pag. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt EVANS, PAGE, & CAIUS.*]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have

need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, & Sir H. EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay, I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner.—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page; I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth: for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart,

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A Room in Page's House.

Enter FENTON and Mistress ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object, I am too great of birth; And that, my state being gall'd with my expence,

I seek to heal it only by his wealth: Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!

Albeit, I will confess thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne; Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, sir: If opportunity and humblest suit Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you hither. [They converse apart.]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, & Mrs. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favor'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! [Aside.]

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him: Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glocestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions; if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE, and Mistress PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in:—Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,

I must advance the colors of my love,

And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,

And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy.

My daughter will I question how she loves you, And as I find her, so am I affected;

Till then, farewell, sir:—she must needs go in; Her father will be angry.

[Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and ANNE.]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now.—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains. *[Exit.]*

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: What a beast am I to slack it! *[Exit.]*

SCENE V. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. *[Exit BARD.]* Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with the wine.

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—*[Exit BARDOLPH.]*—How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault; she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, sayst thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir!

Fal. Well, begone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir! [Exit.]

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook? you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favoredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto, her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to

carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that;—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.]

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, thinkst thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Quick. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis*; I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis.*

Eva. That is good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter*, *nominativo*, *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo*, *hig*, *hag*, *hog*; pray you, mark: *genitivo*, *hujus*: Well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. *Accusativo*, *hinc*.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo*, *hung*, *hang*, *hog*.

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative case*, William?

Will. O—*vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember, William; *focative* is, *caret*.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case*?

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive*,—*horum*, *harum*, *horum*.

Quick. Vengeance of *Jenny's case*! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *ki*, *kæ*, *cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir HUGH.*] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Ford's House.*

Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*within.*] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly;—speak louder. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer out, peer out!* that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him;

she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page, and I, will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act, that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draff.*

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Mrs. FORD, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him; quickly, despatch.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—You, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither,

mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah.

[*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no color for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Pratt, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my door,

you witch! [*beats him.*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humor a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, SHALLOW, & EVANS.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hang o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them: Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Ford's House.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a woman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honor stand,

In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission,
As in offence;

But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old woman; methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,

The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress

Like urchins, ouches, and fairies, green and white,

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:

Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that time

Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [*Aside.*
And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.*

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to sir John, to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs. FORD.*

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to
crave her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [above.] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honorable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come: quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit SIM.]

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three doctor Faustus.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cousin Germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well. [Exit.]

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host *de Jarterre*?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany*: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come; I tell you for good-vill: adieu. [Exit.]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[Exit Host and BARDOLPH.]

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgeled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at *primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colors of the rainbow, and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admi-

rable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Another Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FENTON and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you

With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, (So far forth as herself might be her chooser,) Even to my wish: I have a letter from her, Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff Hath a great scene: the image of the jest

[*Showing the letter.*]

I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,

Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen; The purpose why, is here; in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented: Now, sir,

Her mother, even strong against that match, And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor;—Now, thus it rests:

Her father means she shall be all in white; And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go, She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended,

The better to denote her to the doctor, (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,) That, quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed, With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head; And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token, The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me: And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one, And, in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I ever more be bound to thee; Besides, I'll make a present recompence.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling;—go.—I'll hold: This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs. QUICKLY.*]

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Windsor Park.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needs either your *mum* or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Street in Windsor.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, & Dr. CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; to the oak, to the oak! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Windsor Park.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you: Come, come; trib, trib. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Another part of the Park.*

Enter FALSTAFF disguised, with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda:—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [Embracing her.]

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [Noise within.]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away. [They run off.]

Mrs. Page. }
Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, like a satyr; Mrs. QUICKLY, and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moonshine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office and your quality.—
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.

Cricket, to Windsor chimnies shalt thou leap:

Where fires thou findest unraked, and hearths
unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to
them, shall die:

I'll wink and couch: No man their works
must eye. [*Lies down upon his face.*]

Eva. Where's *Bede*?—Go you, and where
you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides,
and shins.

Quick. About, about;

Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred
room;

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,

In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit;

Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:

Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:

The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;

And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue and
white;

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending
knee:

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,

Our dance of custom, round about the oak

Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; your-
selves in order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.

But, stay; I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch
fairy! lest he transform me to a piece of
cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even
in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-
end:

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,

And turn him to no pain; but if he start,

It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in
desire!

About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme:

And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right; indeed he is full of leche-
ries and iniquity.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!

Fie on lust and luxury!

Lust is but a bloody fire,

Kindled with unchaste desire,

Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,

*As thoughts do blow them, higher and
higher.*

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;

Pinch him for his villany;

*Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him
about,*

*Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine
be out.*

During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff.

Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals

away a fairy in green; Slender another

way, and takes off a fairy in white; and

Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne

Page. A noise of hunting is made within.

*All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls
off his buck's head, and rises.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, & Mrs. FORD.

They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have
watch'd you now.

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your
turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the
jest no higher:

Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor
wives?

See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—

Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly

knave; here are his horns, master Brook:

And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing

of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and

twenty pounds of money, which must be paid

to master Brook; his horses are arrested for

it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck;

we could never meet. I will never take you

for my love again, but I will always count you

my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made
an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs
are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three
or four times in the thought, they were not
fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the
sudden surprise of my powers, drove the gross-
ness of the foppery into a received belief, in
despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason,
that they were fairies. See now, how wit
may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill
employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave
your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends;

Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [Aside.]

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoo! ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slen. Despatched!—I'll make the best in Glocestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mis-

tress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried *mum*, and she cried *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vexed at heart: What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paysan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [Exit CAIUS.]

Ford. This is strange! Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy that she hath committed: And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title; Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed: here is no remedy:—

In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

Eva. I will dance, and eat plums at your wedding.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further:—

Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!

Good husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,

To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;

For he to-night shall lie with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.*]

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Persons represented.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

SEBASTIAN, *a young gentleman, brother to Viola.*

ANTONIO, *a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.*

A SEA-CAPTAIN, *friend to Viola.*

VALENTINE, } *gentlemen attending on the*

CURIO, } *Duke.*

SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle of Olivia.*

SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia.*

FABIAN, } *servants to Olivia.*

CLOWN, }

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*

VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*

MARIA, *Olivia's woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

Scene,—A city in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news
from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,

But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season

A brother's dead love, which she would keep
fresh,

And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine
frame,

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and
fill'd,

(Her sweet perfections,) with one self king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with
bowers. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd:—What think
you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were
saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance
may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you
with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with
you,

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the
practice)

To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold :
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Knowst thou this country ?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and
born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here ?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name
him :

He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur, (as you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she ?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then
leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I served that lady;
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit:
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes
not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to
take the death of her brother thus? I am sure,
care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come

in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady,
takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself
within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer
than I am: these clothes are good enough to
drink in, and so be these boots too; an they
be not, let them hang themselves in their own
straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo
you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and
of a foolish knight, that you brought in one
night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-check?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats
a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all
these ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'
the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four
languages word for word without book, and
hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for,
besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller;
and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to
allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought
among the prudent, he would quickly have the
gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand they are scoundrels,
and subtractors, that say so of him. Who are
they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk
nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece;
I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage
in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a
coward, and a coystil, that will not drink to
my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a
parish top. What, wench? Castiliano vulgo;
for here comes sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir
Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire
better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight; accost, is,
front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not under-
take her in this company. Is that the meaning
of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew,
would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttry-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. *[Exit MARIA.]*

Sir To. O knight, thou lackst a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, doesn't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig: I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir: it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humor, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou knowst no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; What then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it, For they shall yet belie thy happy years,

That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all its semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: yet, [*Aside.*] a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter MARIA, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast
been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a
bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my
lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged
in this world needs to fear no colors.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good leuten answer: I can tell thee
where that saying was born, of, I fear no colors.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be
bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have
it; and those that are fools, let them use their
talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being so
long absent: or, to be turned away, is not that
as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad
marriage; and, for turning away, let summer
bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on
two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold;
or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go
thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking,
thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as
any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that;
here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely,
you were best. [*Exit.*]

Enter OLIVIA, and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good
fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee,
do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I
lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what
says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a
foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away
the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more
of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and

good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool
drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dis-
honest man mend himself; if he mend, he is
no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher
mend him: Any thing that's mended, is but
patched: virtue, that transgresses, is but patched
with sin: and sin, that amends, is but patched
with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will
serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As
there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's
a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool;
therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady,
Cucullus non facit monachum; that's as
much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain.
Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a
fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna:
Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll
bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournst thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn
for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take
away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio?
doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of
death shake him: Infirmary, that decays the
wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity,
for the better encreasing your folly! Sir Toby
will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will
not pass his word for two-pence that you are
no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight
in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down
the other day with an ordinary fool, that has
no more brain than a stone. Look you now,
he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh
and minister occasion to him, he is gagged.
I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so
at these set kind of fools, no better than the
fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio,
and taste with a distempered appetite. To be
generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is
to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem
cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an al-
lowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor
no railing in a known discreet man, though he
do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,
for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young
gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honor, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so: and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before

'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favored, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, begone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber: I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present: Is't not well done?

[*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you; O, such love Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;

In voices well divulged, free, learn'd, and valiant,

And, in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him; He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suffering, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense, I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal cantons of contemned love, And sing them loud even in the dead of night; Holla your name to the reverberate hilis, And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth, But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord; I cannot love him: let him send no more; Unless, perchance, you come to me again, To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well: I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;

My master, not myself, lacks recompence. Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love; And let your fervor, like my master's, be Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman. I'll be sworn thou art; Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now? Even so quickly may one catch the plague? Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections, With an invisible and subtle stealth, To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger, The county's man: he left this ring behind him, Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.

Desire him not to flatter with his lord, Nor hold him up with hopes! I am not for him: If that the youth will come this way to-morrow, I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Oli. I do I know not what: and fear to find Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind. Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe; What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Sea-coast.**Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.*

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom, I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Street.**Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man:—If it be so, (as 'tis,)

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it, for the proper-false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;

For, such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:

What will become of this! As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman, now alas the day!

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O time, thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Olivia's House.**Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.*

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou knowst,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: Hadst it?

Clo. I did impetico thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl

in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave,* knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!* [*Singing.*]

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,— [*Singing.*]

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go?* [Singing.

Clo. *What an if you do?*

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go, and spare not?*

Clo. *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

Sir To. Out o'time? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne: and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated; I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, & others.

Duke. Give me some music:—Now, good morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought, it did relieve my passion much; More than light airs and recollected terms, Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord: a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [Exit CURIO.—Music.

Come hither, boy: If ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it, remember me: For, such as I am, all true lovers are; Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save, in the constant image of the creature That is beloved.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly: My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves; Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favor.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than
thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last
night:—

Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread
with bones,

Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. *[Music.]*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown:

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in sing-
ing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid,
one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee;
and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable
taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would
have men of such constancy put to sea, that
their business might be every thing, and their
intent every where; for that's it, that always
makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[Exit Clown.]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.]

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men
may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her
love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in
thought;

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but,
indeed,

Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my
boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's
house,

And all the brothers too;—and yet I know
not:—

Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Olivia's Garden.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW
AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN.*

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of

this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue;—Shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I left Olivia sleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humor of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:*—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. *You must amend your drunkenness.*

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. *Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;*

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. *One Sir Andrew:*

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*: and thus makes she her great *P's*. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*: Why that—

Mal. [*reads*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads*] *Jove knows, I love:*

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man must know:*—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. *I may command, where I adore:*

*But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl checks at it!

Mal. *I may command, where I adore.* Why, she may command me; I serve her,

she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M.—Malvolio;—*M.*—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M.—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind;

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I.—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name.—Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,*

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool

myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.* Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Olivia's Garden.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or, the

church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly; she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.]

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;

And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons and the time; And, like the haggard, check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labor as a wise man's art:

For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit; But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! Rain odors! well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odors, pregnant, and vouchsafed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[Exit Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, & MARIA.] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment; You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you; I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that,

Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might
you think?

Have you not set mine honor at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of
your receiving
Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you
speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile
again:

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the
better

To fall before the lion than the wolf?

[Clock strikes.]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to
harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe:
Grace and good disposition 'tend your lady-
ship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I prithee, tell me, what thou thinkst of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what
you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what
I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night
is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is
better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my
youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps,
mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW
AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy
reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason,
sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more
favors to the count's serving-man than
ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the
orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy?
tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in
her toward you.

Sir And. Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon
the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-
men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favor to the youth in
your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake
your dormouse valor, to put fire in your
heart, and brimstone in your liver: You
should then have accosted her; and with some
excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you
should have banged the youth into dumbness.
This was looked for at your hand, and this
was baulked: the double gilt of this oppor-
tunity you let time wash off, and you are now
sailed into the north of my lady's opinion;
where you will hang like an icicle on a
Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it
by some laudable attempt, either of valor, or
policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be
with valor; for policy I hate: I had as lief
be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes
upon the basis of valor. Challenge me the
count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in
eleven places; my niece shall take note of
it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker
in the world can more prevail in man's
commendation with woman, than report of
valor.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a
challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be
curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it
be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him
with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him
some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as
many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper,
although the sheet were big enough for the
bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go,
about it. Let there be gall enough in thy

ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: Go. *[Exit Sir ANDREW.]*

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it?

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings!

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favor.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. A Street.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;

But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,

I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (though so much, As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts; which, to a stranger,

Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and inhospitable: My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns

Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the relics of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night; I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes

With the memorials and the things of fame, That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: Once in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count his galleys, I did some service; of such note, indeed, That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;

Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel, Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,

Most of our city did: only myself stood out: For which, if I be lapsed in this place, I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse;

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,

With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy

You have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for

An hour.

Ant. — To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Olivia's Garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: He says, he'll come; How shall I feast him? what bestow on him? For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil, And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;— Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, He does nothing but smile: your ladyship Were best have guard about you, if he come; For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho!

[*Smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness:*—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,*—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some achieve greatness,*—

Oli. What sayst thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;*—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. *And wished to see thee cross-gartered.*

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;*—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exit OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me?

This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough,* says she; *be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;*—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to:* Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no drachm of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him; let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. *[Exit.]*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fal. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. *[reads.]* Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good senseless.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well: And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff:

so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[Exit.]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valor; and drive the gentleman, (as I know his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[Exeunt Sir TOBY, FAB. and MARIA.]

Oli. I have said too much upon a heart of stone,

And laid mine honor too unchary out:

There's something in me that reproves my fault; But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,

Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,

That, honor saved, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honor may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;

A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell!

[Exit.]

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck,

be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valor: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

[Exit *Sir TOBY*.]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter *Sir TOBY*, with *Sir ANDREW*.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as

surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been so valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [Aside.]

Re-enter *FABIAN* and *VIOLA*.

I have his horse [to *FAB.*] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath's sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [Aside.]

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

[Draws.]

Enter *ANTONIO*.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[Draws.]

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you.

[Drawing.]

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [Draws.]

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [To *ANT.*]

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please. [To *Sir ANDREW*.]

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favor
well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your
head.—

Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking
you;

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do? Now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me

Much more, for what I cannot do for you,

Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;

But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that
money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,

And, part, being prompted by your present
trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having is not
much;

I'll make division of my present with you:

Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man,

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man,

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that
you see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,—

And to his image, which, methought, did pro-
mise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes by;
away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this
god!—

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good featureshame.—

In nature, there's no blemish but the mind;

None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil

Are empty trunks, o'erflorish'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him.

Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[*Exeunt Officers with ANTONIO.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such pas-
sion fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you.

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither,
Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of
most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,

In favor was my brother; and he went

Still in this fashion, color, ornament,

For him I imitate: O, if it prove,

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and
more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty
appears, in leaving his friend here in neces-
sity, and denying him; and for his coward-
ship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, re-
ligious in it.

Sir And. Slid, I'll after him again, and beat
him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw
thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

[*Exit.*]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be
nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not
sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow.
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know
you! nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to
bid you come speak with her! nor your name
is not master Cesario! nor this is not my nose
neither!—Nothing, that is so, is so!

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou knowst not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word
of some great man, and now applies it to a fool.
Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber,
the world, will prove a cockney.—I prithee
now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what
I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her,
that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—
These wise men that give fools money, get
themselves a good report after fourteen years'
purchase.

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again?
there's for you. [*Striking SEBASTIAN.*]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there:

Are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir AND.*]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight; I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

[*Holding SEBASTIAN.*]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

[*Draws.*]

Sir To. What, what! Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*Draws.*]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario:—

Rudesby, begone!—I prithee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir AND. & FAB.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway In this uncivil and unjust extent Against thy peace. Go with me to my house; And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;

Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me, He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep; If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: Would thou'dst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe, thou art sir

Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst.

[*Erit MARIA.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not fat enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good house-keeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, sir Toby; for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorbodue, *That, that is, is*: so I, being master parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say;—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Sayst thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of

Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY and MARIA.*]

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin,

Tell me how thy lady does. [*Singing.*]

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'w'you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

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Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, begone.

Clo. I am gone, sir,

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice;

Like to the old vice,

Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:

Like a mad lad,

Pare thy nails, dad,

Adieu, goodman drivell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Olivia's Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't: And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then? I could not find him at the Elephant: Yet there he was; and there I found this credit, That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service: For though my soul disputes well with my sense, That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune So far exceed all instance, all discourse, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason that persuades me To any other trust, but that I am mad, Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so, She could not sway her house, command her followers, Take and give back affairs, and their despatch, With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing, As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man, Into the chantry by: there, before him, And underneath that consecrated roof, Plight me the full assurance of your faith; That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May live at peace: He shall conceal it, Whiles you are willing it shall come to note; What time we will our celebration keep According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you:

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—

And heavens so shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking SEBASTIAN.*]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there:

Are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir AND.*]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight; I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

[*Holding SEBASTIAN.*]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

[*Draws.*]

Sir To. What, what! Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*Draws.*]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario:—

Rudesby, begone!—I prithee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir AND. & FAB.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house; And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;

Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me, He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep; If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: Would thou'dst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe, thou art sir

Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not fat enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good house-keeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, sir Toby; for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorbodue, *That, that is, is*: so I, being master parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say;—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Sayst thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of

Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY and MARIA.*]

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin,

Tell me how thy lady does. [*Singing.*]

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'wi'you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

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And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—

And heavens so shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Street before Olivia's House.**Enter Clown and FABIAN.**Fab.* Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.*Clo.* Good master Fabian, grant me another request.*Fab.* Any thing.*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.*Fab.* That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, desire my dog again.*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.**Duke.* Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?*Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.*Duke.* I know thee well: How dost thou, my good fellow?*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.*Duke.* How can that be?*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.*Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.*Duke.* You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.*Clo.* Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir: but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[Exit Clown.]

*Enter ANTONIO and Officers.**Vio.* Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well; Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war: A bawbling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable; With which such scathful grapple did he make, With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy, and the tongue of loss, Cry'd fame and honor on him.—What's the matter?*1 Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio, That took the Phoenix and her freight, from Candy;

And this is he, that did the Tiger board, When your young nephew Titus lost his leg: Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state, In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;

But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me, I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?*Ant.* Orsino, noble sir, Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me;

Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate, Though, I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: That most ungrateful boy there, by your side, From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was: His life I gave him, and did thereto add My love, without retention or restraint, All his in dedication: for his sake, Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town; Drew to defend him, when he was beset; Where being apprehended, his false cunning, (Not meaning to partake with me in danger,) Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, And grew a twenty-years-removed thing, While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,

Which I had recommended to his use Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?*Duke.* When came he to this town?*Ant.* To-day, my lord; and for three months before,

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)

Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord, It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear, As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady, To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out,

That e'er devotion tender'd? What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it, Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death, Kill what I love; a savage jealousy, That sometimes savours nobly?—But hear me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, And that I partly know the instrument That screws me from my true place in your favor,

Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still; But this your minion, whom, I know, you love, And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—Come boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

[*Going.*

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly, To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[*Following.*

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love, More than I love these eyes, more than my life, More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife: If I do feign, you witnesses above, Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Duke. Come away. [*To VIOLA.*

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband!

Oli. Ay, husband; Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear, That makes thee strangle thy propriety: Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up; Be that thou knowst thou art, and then thou art As great as that thou fearest.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence, Here to unfold (though lately we intended To keep in darkness, what occasion now Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know, Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love, Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands, Attested by the holy close of lips, Strengthened by interchangement of your rings; And all the ceremony of this compact Seal'd in my function, by my testimony: Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow, That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow? Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet, Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear; Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnadine.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:

You drew your sword upon me, without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight in the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir TOBY, & Sir AND.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less, with wit, and safety. You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that I do perceive it hath offended you; Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

A natural perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio! O, my dear Antonio, How have the hours rack'd and tortured me, Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fearst thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Of here and every where. I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured:—

Of charity, what kin are you to me?

[*To VIOLA.*]
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father; Such a Sebastian was my brother too, So went he suited to his watery tomb: If spirits can assume both form and suit, You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed; But am in that dimension grossly clad,

Which from the womb I did participate. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day, when Viola from her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul! He finished, indeed, his mortal act, That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both, But this my masculine usurp'd attire, Do not embrace me, till each circumstance Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump, That I am Viola: which to confirm, I'll bring you to a captain in this town, Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help

I was preserved, to serve this noble count: All the occurrence of my fortune since Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook: [*To OLIVIA.*]

But nature to her bias drew in that. You would have been contracted to a maid; Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived, You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.—

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true, I shall have share in this most happy wreck: Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*To VIOLA.*]

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear; And all those swearings keep as true in soul, As doth that orb'd continent the fire That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand; And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore, Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit, A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hither:—

And yet, alas, now I remember me, They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.— How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do; he has here writ a letter to you, I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the

fool delivers the madman:—*By the Lord, madam,*—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [To FABIAN.

Fab. [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

The madly-used Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [Exit FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,

One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,

Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—

Your master quits you; [To VIOLA.] and, for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,

So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,

And since you call'd me master for so long,

Here is my hand; you shall from this time be Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:

You must not now deny it is your hand,

Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase,

Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:

You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,

And tell me, in the modesty of honor,

Why you have given me such clear lights of favor;

Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,

To put on yellow stockings, and to frown

Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people:

And, acting this in an obedient hope,

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, And made the most notorious geck, and gull, That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing, Though, I confess, much like the character:

But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she

First told me, thou wast mad: then camest in smiling,

And in such forms which here were pre-supposed

Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:

This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;

But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;

And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,

Taint the condition of this present hour,

Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,

Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,

Set this device against Malvolio here,

Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts

We had conceived against him: Maria writ

The letter, at sir Toby's great importance;

In recompence whereof, he hath married her.

How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,

May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;

If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,

That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. I was one, sir, in this interlude;

one sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—*By the*

Lord, fool, I am not mad.—But do you remember?

Madam, why laugh you at such a

barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:

And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [Exit.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—

He hath not told us of the captain yet;

When that is known and golden time convents,

A solemn combination shall be made

Of our dear souls.—Meantime, sweet sister,

We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come,

For so you shall be, while you are a man;

But, when in other habits you are seen,

Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[Exeunt.

SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

A foolish thing was but a toy,

For the rain it raineth every day.

*But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their
gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.*

[Exit.]

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Persons represented.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*
DON JOHN, *his bastard brother.*
CLAUDIO, *a young lord of Florence, favorite to Don Pedro.*
BENEDICK, *a young lord of Padua, favorite likewise of Don Pedro.*
LEONATO, *governor of Messina.*
ANTONIO, *his brother.*
BALTHAZAR, *servant to Don Pedro.*
BORACHIO, } *followers of Don John.*
CONRADE, }

DOGBERRY, } *two foolish officers.*
VERGES, }
A SEXTON.
A FRIAR.
A BOY.

HERO, *daughter to Leonato.*
BEATRICE, *niece to Leonato.*
MARGARET, } *gentlewomen attending on*
URSULA, } *Hero.*

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

Scene,—Messina.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Before Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter, that don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that don Pedro hath bestowed much honor on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army, of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honorable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man; but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting

off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that, if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse: for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others, Don JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honorable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humor for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way, o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but BENEDICK & CLAUDIO.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a

good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, and she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is it come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i'faith; and thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee, on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me; Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the

right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign—*Here you may see Benedick the married man*.

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, (if I had it,)—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. *[Exit BENEDICK.]*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir;

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, That liked, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love;

But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her: Was't not to this end,

That thou beganst to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much
broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity:
Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest;

And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamed not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [Several persons cross the stage.] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; you go with me, and I will use your

skill:—Good cousins, have a care this busy time. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the goujere, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou sayst thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and, having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this

may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way: You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns*; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband: for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will

even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids*: so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*To HERO.*] I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please you*:—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me*.

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren: and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; Don JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favor; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[Takes her aside.]

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester; a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in

him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure, he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge-wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. *[Music within.]* We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[Dance. Then exeunt all but Don JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.]

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father, to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero: I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt Don JOHN and BORACHIO.]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick. But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—

'Tis certain so;—the prince woos for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things, Save in the office and affairs of love: Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself, And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch, Against whose charms faith melteth into blood. This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I mistrusted not: Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest

drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO, HERO, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count; Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here, as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester: that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him, before he transgressed; she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to

make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary: and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO and BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard: do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*]

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. P'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot,

stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord: I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburned; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you: for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [Exit BEATRICE.]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night: and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us: I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labors; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the un-hopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valor, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humor your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment, will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favor of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honor in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honor, who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me

at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borchio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding; for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. Leonato's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and a Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. *[Exit Boy.]*—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. *[Withdraws.]*

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,

To put a strange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:

Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos;
Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets
that he speaks;

Note, notes, forsooth, and noting! *[Music.]*

Bene. Now, *Divine air!* now is his soul
ravished!—Is it not strange, that sheep's guts
should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well,
a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR sings.

I.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:

One foot in sea, and one on shore;

To one thing constant never:

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny;

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into, hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,

Of dumps so dull and heavy;

The fraud of men was ever so,

Since summer first was leavy.

Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest
well enough for a shift.

Bene. *[Aside.]* An he had been a dog, that
should have howled thus, they would have
hanged him; and, I pray God, his bad voice
bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard

the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [*To CLAUDIO.*]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so; farewell. [*Exeunt BALTHAZAR and music.*] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. [*Aside to PEDRO.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*Aside.*]

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. [*Aside.*]

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aside.*]

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: *Shall I, says she, that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: *I measure him, says she, by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—*O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself: It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would, she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she makes her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily

keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: Shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we'll hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*]

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt Don PEDRO, CLAUD. & LEON.*]

BENEDICK advances from the arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put

them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage:—But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humor? No: The world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Ha! *Against my will, I am sent to bid you come to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Leonato's Garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheardst us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favorites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their
pride
Against that power that bred it:—there will
she hide her,
To listen our propose: This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,

As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with their golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now

Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait, that we lay for it.—

[*They advance to the bower.*]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it:

But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,

But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why a vane blown with all winds:
If silent, why a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No: not to be so odd, and from all fashions,

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore, let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather will I go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:

And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is prized to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,

Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valor,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in;

I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,

Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's limed, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt HERO and URSULA.*]

BEATRICE advances.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:

For others say, thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company: for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the tooth-ache!

Leon. Where is but a humor, or a worm!

Bene. Well, Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet, say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings: What should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.—Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK and LEONATO.]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice;

and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you:—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow? [To CLAUDIO.]

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: For my brother, I think, he holds you well: and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labor ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal!

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her: but it would better fit your honor to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no further, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Street.**Enter DOGBERRY & VERGES, with the Watch.**Dogb.* Are you good men and true?*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.*Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.*Verg.* Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.*Dogb.* First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?*1 Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.*2 Watch.* Both which, master constable,—*Dogb.* You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore, bear you the lantern: This is your charge; You shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.*2 Watch.* How if he will not stand?*Dogb.* Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endured.*2 Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.*Dogb.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen:—Well, you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.*2 Watch.* How if they will not?*Dogb.* Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.*2 Watch.* Well, sir.*Dogb.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.*2 Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?*Dogb.* Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.*Verg.* You have been always called a merciful man, partner.*Dogb.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.*2 Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?*Dogb.* Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baas, will never answer a calf when he bleats.*Verg.* 'Tis very true.*Dogb.* This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.*Verg.* Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.*Dogb.* Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.*Verg.* By'r lady, I think it be so.*Dogb.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.*2 Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.*Dogb.* One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt DOGB. and VERG.*]*Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.**Bora.* What! Conrade,—*Watch.* Peace, stir not. [*Aside.*]*Bora.* Conrade, I say!*Con.* Here, man, I am at thy elbow.*Bora.* Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.*Con.* I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.*Bora.* Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.*Watch.* [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.*Bora.* Therefore know, I have earned of don John a thousand ducats.*Con.* Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?*Bora.* Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when

rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows, thou art unconfirmed: Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting: sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable: We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters!

2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 Watch. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, & URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [Exit URSULA.]

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls down sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honorably? Is not marriage honorable in a beggar? Is not your lord honorable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a husband: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: Is there any harm in—the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—*Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill:—heigh ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled *Cardus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickst her with a thistle.

Beat. *Benedictus!* why *Benedictus?* you have some moral in this *Benedictus*.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks, you look with your eyes, as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior *Benedick*, don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good *Ursula*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Another Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY & VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman *Verges*, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestest than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in *Messina*.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i'faith, neighbour *Verges*:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i'faith, sir: by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worshipped: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicuous persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go; fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exeunt LEONATO and Messenger.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to *Francis Seacoal*, bid him bring his pen and

inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant

you; here's that [*Touching his forehead.*] shall drive some of them to a *non com*: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Inside of a Church.*

Enter Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, and BEATRICE, &c.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;

Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again; Give not this rotten orange to your friend; She's but the sign and semblance of her honor:— Behold, how like a maid she blushes here: O, what authority and show of truth Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence, To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear, All you that see her, that she were a maid, By these exterior shows?—But she is none: She knows the heat of a luxurious bed: Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married, Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say; If I have known her,

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband, And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb;

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamp'ring animals

That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonor'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; But what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee, do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!— What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—

Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear; Upon mine honor,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John.

Fie, fie! they are
Not to be named, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty
lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou
been,

If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair!
farewell,

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point
for me? [HERO swoons.]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore
sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things,
come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt D. PED. D. JOHN, & CLAUD.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Bene-
dick!—friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every
earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy
shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smirched thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*
This shame derives itself from unknown
loins?

But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,

That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene.

Sir, sir, be patient:
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last
night?

Beat. No, truly, not: although, until last
night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is
stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foul-
ness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let
her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon.

Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it;
Why seekst thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are
accused of?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I
know none:

If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any
creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in
the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of
honor;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not; if they speak but truth
of her,

These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honor,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that, dream I on this strange course,

But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused,
Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with
Claudio:

When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed:—then shall he
mourn,

(If ever love had interest in his liver,)
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But, if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation,)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:

And though, you know, my inwardness and love

Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this

As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain
the cure.—

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience
and endure.

[*Exeunt Friar, HERO, & LEON.*]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all
this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin
is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man de-
serve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friend-
ship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so
well as you; Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not:
It were as possible for me to say, I loved
nothing so well as you: but believe me not;
and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I
deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest
me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me;
and I will make him eat it, that says, I love
not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised
to it: I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour;
I was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart,
that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio!

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here;—
There is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you,
let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me,
than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a
villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dis-
honored my kinswoman?—O, that I were a
man!—What! bear her in hand until they

come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valor into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down—Borachio—Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Courade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Courade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. *Bora.* Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go

near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale: Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the effest way:—Let the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain: Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*]

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in band.

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece

of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and

every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away. O that I had been writ down—
an ass!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;

And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of
mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should
groan;

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune
drunk

With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore, give me no
counsel:

My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing
differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh
and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon
yourself;

Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speakst reason; nay, I
will do so:

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonor her.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio,
hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare
you well, my lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us,
good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quar-
relling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry,
Thou, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler,
thou;—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fier and jest
at me:

I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;

As, under privilege of age, to brag

What I have done being young, or what
would do,

Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and
me,

That I am forced to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through
her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors:

O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of her's, framed by thy villany.

Claud. My villany!

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast
kill'd my child;

If thou killst me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—
Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me;

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence:
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I loved
my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue;
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content; What, man! I know
them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost
scruple:

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and
slander,

Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they
durst,

And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not
wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honor, she was charged with
nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?

Brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO and ANTONIO.]

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man
we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior! what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are al-
most come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two
noses snapped off with two old men without
teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What
thinkst thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we
should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true
valor. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek
thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and
would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou
use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy
side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many
have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee
draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to plea-
sure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks
pale:—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though
care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in
thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the
career, an you charge it against me:—I pray
you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff;
this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more
and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his
girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not;—I
will make it good how you dare, with what
you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right,
or I will protest your cowardice. You have
killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall
heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may
have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid
me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if
I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's
naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes
easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised
thy wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine
wit; *True*, says she, *a fine little one*: No,
said I, *a great wit*; *Right*, says she, *a great
gross one*: Nay, said I, *a good wit*; *Just*,
said she, *it hurts nobody*: Nay, said I, *the
gentleman is wise*; *Certain*, said she, *a
wise gentleman*: Nay, said I, *he hath the
tongues*; *That I believe*, said she, *for he
swore a thing to me on Monday night,
which he forswore on Tuesday morning;
there's a double tongue; there's two tongues*.
Thus did she, an hour together, transhape thy
particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded
with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in
Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily,
and said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for
all that, an if she did not hate him deadly,
she would love him dearly: the old man's
daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God saw
him when he was hid in the garden*.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage
bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here
dwells Benedick the married man*?

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my
mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-
like humor: you break jests as braggarts do
their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.
—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank
you: I must discontinue your company: your
brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina:

you have, among you, killed a sweet innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [Exit BENEDICK.]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let be; pluck up my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders: sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, over-heard me confessing to this man, how don John, your brother, incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead, upon mine and my master's false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery:—

And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear

In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter: And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;

That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd

Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself; Here stand a pair of honorable men, A third is fled that had a hand in it:— I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death; Record it with your high and worthy deeds; 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself; Impose me to what penance your invention Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not, But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I; And yet, to satisfy this good old man, I would bend under any heavy weight That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live, That were impossible; but, I pray you both, Possess the people in Messina here, How innocent she died: and, if your love Can labor aught in sad invention, Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb, And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:— To-morrow morning come you to my house; And since you could not be my son-in-law, Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter, Almost the copy of my child that's dead, And she alone is heir to both of us; Give her the right you should have given her cousin, And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble sir, Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me! I do embrace your offer; and dispose For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke
to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not
under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the
offender, did call me ass: I beseech you,
let it be remembered in his punishment: And
also, the watch heard them talk of one De-
formed: they say, he wears a key in his ear,
and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money
in God's name; the which he hath used so long,
and never paid, that now men grow hard-
hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake:
Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest
pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most
thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God
for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner,
and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your
worship; which, I beseech your worship, to
correct yourself, for the example of others.
God keep your worship; I wish your worship
well; God restore you to health: I humbly
give you leave to depart; and if a merry
meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—
Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, & Watch.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, fare-
well.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you
to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*]

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk
with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd
fellow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Leonato's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret,
deserve well at my hands, by helping me to
the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in
praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no
man living shall come over it; for, in most
comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why,
shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's
mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's
foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will
not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call
Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers
of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must
put in the pikes with a vice; and they are
dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who,
I think, hath legs. [*Exit MARGARET.*]

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love, [Singing.

That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,

How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving,—Leander
the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer
of panders, and a whole book full of these
quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet
run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse,
why, they were never so truly turned over and
over as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot
show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out
no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme;
for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school*,
fool, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings:
No, I was not born under a rhyming planet,
nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I
called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you
bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now:—
and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came
for, which is, with knowing what hath passed
between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I
will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul
wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is
noisome; therefore I will depart unknissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his
right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But, I must
tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my chal-
lenge; and either I must shortly hear from
him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And,
I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my
bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which main-
tained so politic a state of evil, that they will
not admit any good part to intermingle with
them. But for which of my own good parts
did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do
suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my
will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas!
poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will
spite it for yours; for I will never love that
which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?—Why, an hour in clamor, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wise, (if don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy;) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The inside of a Church.*

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, & Attendants, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a scroll.*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies:

So the life, that died with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [affixing it.

Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

*Song. Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.*

Midnight, assist our moan;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily:

Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered,

Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!

Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:

VOL. I.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,

Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey:

Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speed's,

Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar, and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her

Upon the error that you heard debated:

But Margaret was in some fault for this;

Although against her will, as it appears

In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;

And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:

The prince and Claudio promised by this hour

To visit me:—You know your office, brother;

You must be father to your brother's daughter, And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,

Your niece regards me with an eye of favor.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,

From Claudio, and the prince: But what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:

But, for my will, my will is, your good will

May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd

In the estate of honorable marriage;—

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow,
Claudio;

We here attend you; are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an
Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar
ready. [Exit ANTONIO.]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why,
what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage
bull:—

Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low:
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's
cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other
reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let
me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take
her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy
friar;

I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other
wife: [Unmasking.]

And when you loved, you were my other hus-
band.

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certainer:

One Hero died defiled; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is
dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her
slander lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:

Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; [Unmasking.]
What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. No, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince,
and Claudio,

Have been deceived; for they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. No, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and
Ursula,

Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick
for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh
dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter:—Then, you do
not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the
gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he
loves her;

For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands
against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee;
but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this
good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and,
partly, to save your life, for I was told you
were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.—
[Kissing her.]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the
married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college
of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my hu-
mor: Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or
an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with
brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about
him: In brief, since I do propose to marry, I
will think nothing to any purpose that the world
can say against it: and therefore never flout at
me for what I have said against it; for man is
a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For
thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten
thee; but in that thou art like to be my kins-
man, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have
denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled
thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double
dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if
my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to
thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's
have a dance ere we are married, that we may
lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o'my word; therefore, play,
music.—

Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee
a wife: there is no staff more reverend than
one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en
in flight,

And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll
devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike
up, pipers.

[Dance.
Exeunt.]

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Persons represented.

VINCENTIO, *duke of Vienna.*
 ANGELO, *lord deputy in the duke's absence.*
 ESCALUS, *an ancient lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.*
 CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman.*
 LUCIO, *a fantastic.*
Two other like gentlemen.
 VARRIUS, *a gentleman, servant to the duke.*
 PROVOST.
 THOMAS, } *two friars.*
 PETER, }
 A JUSTICE.

ELBOW, *a simple constable.*
 FROTH, *a foolish gentleman.*
 CLOWN, *servant to Mrs. Over-done.*
 ABHORSON, *an executioner.*
 BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio.*
 MARIANA, *betrothed to Angela.*
 JULIET, *beloved by Claudio.*
 FRANCISCA, *a nun.*
 MISTRESS OVER-DONE, *a bawd.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

Scene,—Vienna.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, & Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,

Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
 Since I am put to know, that your own science
 Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
 My strength can give you: Then no more remains

But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,

And let them work. The nature of our people,
 Our city's institutions, and the terms
 For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
 As art and practice hath enriched any
 That we remember: There is our commission,
 From which we would not have you warp.—

Call hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

What figure of us think you he will bear?
 For you must know, we have with special soul
 Elected him our absence to supply;
 Lent him our terror, drest him with our love;
 And given his deputation all the organs
 Of our own power: What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
 To undergo such ample grace and honor,
 It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
 There is a kind of character in thy life,

That, to the observer, doth thy history
 Fully unfold: Thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
 Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do:
 Not light them for ourselves: for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
 touch'd,

But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
 To one that can my part in him advertise;
 Hold therefore, Angelo:
 In our remove, be thou at full yourself;
 Mortality and mercy in Vienna
 Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,
 Though first in question, is thy secondary:
 Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
 Let there be some more test made of my metal,
 Before so noble and so great a figure
 Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
 We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
 Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors.
 Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
 That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
 Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
 As time and our concerning shall importune,
 How it goes with us; and do look to know
 What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
 To the hopeful execution do I leave you
 Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
 That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;

Nor need you, on mine honor, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own;
So to enforce or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your
hand;

I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me

To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what strength and nature

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes,
come not to composition with the king of Hungary,
why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate,
that went to sea with the ten commandments,
but scraped one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain
and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal:
There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat,
doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in metre?

Luc. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy:
As for example; Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet:
Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: Thou art good velvet;
thou art a three-piled piece, I warrant thee:
I had as lief be a list of an English ker-

sey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet.
Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech:
I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health;
but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think, I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes!
I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

1 Gent. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dollars a-year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me:
but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound,
as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow: impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 Gent. How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison,
was worth five thousand of you all.

1 Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 Gent. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so; I saw him arrested;
saw him carried away; and which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so:
Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since;
and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt LUCIO and Gentlemen.*]

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat,
what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.
How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him:
You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, & Officers; LUCIO, and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition, But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority, Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:

As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue, (Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,) A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*]

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract,

I got possession of Julietta's bed; You know the lady; she is fast my wife,

Save that we do the denunciation lack Of outward order: this we came not to, Only for propagation of a dower Remaining in the coffer of her friends; From whom we thought it meet to hide our love, Till time had made them for us. But it chanceth, The stealth of our most mutual entertainment, With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so. And the new deputy now for the duke,— Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness; Or whether that the body public be A horse whereon the governor doth ride, Who, newly in the seat, that it may know He can command, lets it straight feel the spur: Whether the tyranny be in his place, Or in his eminence that fills it up, I stagger in:—But this new governor Awakes me all the enrolled penalties, Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round, And none of them been worn; and, for a name, Now puts the drowsy and neglected act Freshly on me:—'tis surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service: This day my sister should the cloister enter, And there receive her approbation: Acquaint her with the danger of my state; Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him; I have great hope in that: for in her youth There is a prone and speechless dialect, Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art When she will play with reason and discourse, And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,—

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Monastery.*

Enter DUKE and Friar THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought; Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends Of burning youth.

Friar. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever loved the life removed;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery
keeps.

I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received: Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Friar. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most
biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for headstrong
steeds,) Which, for these fourteen years, we have let
sleep;

Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time, the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: so our
decrees,

Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Friar. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you
pleased;
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed,
my father,

I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike
home,
And yet my nature never in the sight,
To do it slander: And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I
prithee,

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further pri-
vileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Clare.

Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [*Within.*]

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak
with men,

But in the presence of the prioress;
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

[*Exit FRANCISCA.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that
calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-
roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother, Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly
greet you:

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be
his judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. It is true.

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing enskied, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mock-
ing me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,
'tis thus:

Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison; even so, her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My
cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your consin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change
their names,

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,

In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous
law,
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigor of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: And that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censured him

Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and
kneel,

All their petitions are as freely theirs,
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu: [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Provost,
Officers, and other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the
law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: Alas! this
gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honor know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time colored with place, or place with
wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own
purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made
to justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very
pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,

For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honor.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit* Provost.]

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him; and for-
give us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be
good people in a common-weal, that do nothing
but use their abuses in common houses, I know
no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name?
and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honor, I am the poor
duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I
do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here
before your good honor two notorious bene-
factors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors
are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honor, I know not well
what they are: but precise villains they are,
that I am sure of; and void of all profanation
in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise
officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honor.

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honorable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

[To ANGELO.]

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honor's reverence,) for stew'd prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; your honors have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the fore-said prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife,

that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honor's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then:—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,

And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less; Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit ANGELO.]

Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honor, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: What did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honor mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honor see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honor.

Escal. He's in the right: Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house: next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship

think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou knowst what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

[To FROTH.]

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

[To the Clown.]

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: for mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [Exit FROTH.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you: so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you color it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[Exit.]

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well. [Exit ELBOW.] What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal.

It is but needful;

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy. Come, sir. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Another Room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [Exit Serv.] I'll know His pleasure: may be, he will relent: Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream!

All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honor's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous
maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[*Exit Servant.*]

See you, the fornicatress be removed;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honor! [*Offering to retire.*]

Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To ISAB.*] You are
welcome: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honor,
Please but your honor hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor
of it!

Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your
honor!

[*Retiring.*]

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] Give't not o'er so; to
him again; entreat him:

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon
him,

And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the
mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world
no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [*To ISAB.*]

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a
word,

May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him: there's the vein.

[*Aside.*]

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare
him, spare him:

He's not prepared for death! Even for our
kitchens

We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister

To our gross selves? Good, good my lord,
bethink you:

Who is it that hath died for this offence?

There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though
it hath slept:

Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul
wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives
this sentence:

And he, that suffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing
but thunder.—

Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitst the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle:—O, but man! proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench; he will
relent;
He's coming, I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heaven, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with
ourselves:

Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advised o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like
others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth
know

That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with't.—
Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-
morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my
lord, turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall
share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well: come to me
To-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; it is well; away. [*Aside to ISAB.*

Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe!

Ang. Amen: for I
Am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honor!

[*Exeunt LUCIO, ISAB. & Prov.*

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or
mine?

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or, what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live;
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I
love her,

That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the
strumpet,
With all her double vigor, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wonder'd
how! [*Exit,*

SCENE III. A Room in a Prison.

*Enter DUKE, habited like a Friar, and
Provost.*

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so, I think, you
are.

Prov. I am the provost: What's your will,
good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd
order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right

To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more
were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: She is with child:
And he that got it, sentenced: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; stay awhile, [*To JUL.*
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you
carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most pa-
tiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign
your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd
him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offence-
ful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind
than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: But lest you
do repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not
heaven;

Showing, we'd not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in Angelo's House.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think
and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty
words;

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,

Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit Serv.*
O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart;
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all the other parts
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much
better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother can-
not live.

Isab. Even so? Heaven keep your honor!

[*Retiring.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and it may be
As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his re-
prieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were
as good

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's
image

In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in
earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you
quickly.

Which had you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than account.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—

I, now the voice of the recorded law,

Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:

Might there not be a charity in sin,

To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't, I'll take it as a peril to my soul,

It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleased you to do't, at peril of your soul, Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,

Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer

To have it added to the faults of mine,

And nothing of your, answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me: Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,

Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good, But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,

When it doth tax itself: as these black masks

Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder

Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me;

To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:

Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,

(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,

But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,

Finding yourself desired of such a person,

Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,

Could fetch your brother from the manacles

Of the all-binding law; and that there were

No earthly mean to save him, but that either

You must lay down the treasures of your body

To this supposed, or else let him suffer;

What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:

That is, Were I under the terms of death,

The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,

And strip myself to death, as to a bed,

That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield

My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way;

Better it were, a brother died at once,

Than that a sister, by redeeming him,

Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence

That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,

Are of two houses: lawful mercy is

Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a

tyrant;

And rather proved the sliding of your brother

A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out, To have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,

For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die;

If not a feodary, but only he,

Owe, and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar

In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;

For we are soft as our complexions are,

And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,

(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger

Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be

bold;—

I do arrest your words: Be that you are,

That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;

If you be one, (as you are well express'd

By all external warrants,) show it now,

By putting on the destined livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,

Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you

tell me,

That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,

Which seems a little fouler than it is,

To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honor,

My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honor to be much believed,

And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming,

seeming!—

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:

Sign me a present pardon for my brother,

Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world

Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?

My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,

My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,

Will so your accusation overweigh,

That you shall stifle in your own report,

And smell of calumny. I have begun;

And now I give my sensual race the rein:

Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;

Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,

That banish what they sue for; redeem thy

brother,

By yielding up thy body to my will;

Or else he must not only die the death,

But thy unkindness shall his death draw out

To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,

Or, by the affection that now guides me most,

I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,

Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your

true. [Exit.

Isab. To whom shall I complain? Did I tell this,

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Tho' he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honor,

That had he twenty heads to tender down,
On twenty bloody blocks he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Prison.

Enter DUKE, CLAUDIO, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from
lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope;
I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death,
or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus
with life,—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep; a breath thou
art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)
That dost this habitation, where thou keepst,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou laborst by thy flight to shun,
And yet runst toward him still: Thou art not
noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bearest,
Are nursed by baseness: Thou art by no means
valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fearst
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not
thyself;
For thou existst on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get;
And what thou hast, forgetst: Thou art not
certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou
none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor
youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor
beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life

Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we
fear,

That makes these odd's all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What ho! Peace here; grace and good
company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish de-
serves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with
Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior,
here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be
conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [Exeunt DUKE & Prov.]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good
in deed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with
speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honor from that trunk you
bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect

Than a perpetual honor. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my
father's grave
Did utter forth a voice!—Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted de-

puty,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enmew,
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damnedst body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this
rank offence,
So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance,
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the
nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot:
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,

Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do, to save a brother's life,
Nature di'penses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame?—What should
I think?

Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance:
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*]

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but
one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure,
I would by and by have some speech with you:
the satisfaction I would require, is likewise
your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay
must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will
attend you a while.

Duke. [*To CLAUDIO, aside.*] Son, I have
overheard what hath passed between you and
your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to
corrupt her: only he hath made an essay of her
virtue, to practise his judgment with the dispo-
sition of natures: she, having the truth of honor
in her, hath made him that gracious denial
which he is most glad to receive: I am con-
fessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true;
therefore prepare yourself to death: Do not
satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fal-
lible: to-morrow you must die; go, to your
knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so
out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: Farewell.

[*Exit CLAUDIO.*]

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be
gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my
mind promises with my habit, no loss shall
touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit Provost.*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair,
hath made you good: the goodness, that is
cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in good-

ness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married: was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonor: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rapture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust

unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place: if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the double-ness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana: At that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II. *The Street before the Prison.*

Enter DUKE, as a Friar; to him ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done, That is thy means to live: Do thou but think What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back, From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live, Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work, Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, Free from our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clo. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What sayst thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? Ha? What sayst thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: An unshunn'd consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: Farewell: Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey; you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go;

[*Exeunt ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.* What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: But wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him:—Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: A shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or

mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell. *[Exit.]*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong, Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honor is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honor.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me; mistress Kate Keep-down was

with child by him, in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. *[Exeunt Bawd and Officers.]* Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the see, In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contented especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous: and let me desire to know, how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labor'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well;

wherein, if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and Provost.*]

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!

Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Room in Mariana's House.

MARIANA discovered sitting; a Boy singing.

SONG.

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
[*Exit Boy.*]

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired
for me here to-day? much upon this time have
I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you:—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planced gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:

This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this;—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt MARIANA and ISABELLA.*]

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes

Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious
quests

Upon thy doings! thousand scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,

And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome!
How agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her,
father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not
at all;

He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him,
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off
a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can:
but if he be a married man, he is his wife's
head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches,
and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow
morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine:
Here is in our prison a common executioner,
who in his office lacks a helper: if you will
take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you
from your gyves; if not, you shall have your
full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance
with an unpitied whipping; for you have been
a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time
out of mind; but yet I will be content to be
a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive
some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Ab-
horson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you
to-morrow in your execution: If you think it
meet, compound with him by the year, and
let him abide here with you; if not, use him
for the present, and dismiss him: He cannot
plead his estimation with you; he hath been
a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him, he will
discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a
feather will turn the scale. [Exit.]

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favor, (for,
surely, sir, a good favor you have, but that
you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir,
your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir, a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a

mystery; and your whores, sir, being members
of my occupation, using painting, do prove
my occupation a mystery: but what mystery
there should be in hanging, if I should be
hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your
thief: If it be too little for your thief, your
true man thinks it big enough; if it be too
big for your thief, your thief thinks it little
enough: so every true man's apparel fits your
thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find,
your hangman is a more penitent trade than
your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and
your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee
in my trade; follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope,
if you have occasion to use me for your own
turn, you shall find me yare: for, truly, sir,
for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.

[*Exeunt Clown and ABHORSON.*]

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy
death:

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Bar-
nardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guilt-
less labor,
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what
noise? [Knocking within.]
Heaven give your spirits comfort!

[Exit CLAUDIO.]

By and by:—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of
the night
Envelope you, good Provost! Who call'd here
of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great jus-
tice;

He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others; were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he
tyrannous;

But this being so, he's just.—Now are they
come.—

[*Knocking within.*—Provost goes out.]

This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when
The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.—
How now? What noise? That spirit's pos-
sess'd with haste,
That wounds the unsisting postern with these
strokes.

Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio
yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there
comes

No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and
by me this further charge, that you swerve not
from the smallest article of it, neither in time,
matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow;
for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Duke. This is his pardon; purchased by
such sin, [*Aside.*
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love, is the offender friend-
ed.—

Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike,
thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me
with this unwonted putting on: methinks,
strangely; for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*] *Whatsoever you may hear
to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by
four of the clock; and, in the afternoon,
Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let
me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let
this be duly performed; with a thought,
that more depends on it than we must yet de-
liver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you
will answer it at your peril.*

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to
be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up
and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke
had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or
executed him? I have heard, it was ever his
manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for
him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the go-
vernment of lord Angelo, came not to an un-
doubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by
himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in
prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more
dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep: careless,
reckless, and fearless of what's past, present,
or to come; insensible of mortality, and des-
perately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore
had the liberty of the prison; give him leave
to escape hence, he would not: drunk many
times a day, if not many days entirely drunk.
We have very often awaked him, as if to carry
him to execution, and show'd him a seeming
warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written
in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy;
if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles
me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will
lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here
you have a warrant to execute, is no greater
forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sen-
tenced him: To make you understand this in
a manifested effect, I crave but four days'
respite; for the which you are to do me both
a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the
hour limited; and an express command, under
penalty, to deliver his head in the view of
Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to
cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant
you, if my instructions may be your guide.
Let this Barnardine be this morning executed,
and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will
discover the favor.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you
may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the
beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent
to be so bared before his death: You know, the
course is common. If any thing fall to you
upon this, more than thanks and good for-
tune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead
against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against
my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to
the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet, since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd: Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-color'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You

must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you, Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word; if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and Clown.*]

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;

And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head, Just of his color: What if we do omit This reprobate, till he were well inclined; And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!

Despatch it presently; the hour draws on,
Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done:—Put them in secret holds,

Both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice
The sun hath made his journal greeting to
The under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch.
And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents

Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:

Forbear it, therefore; give your cause to heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:

The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;

One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can,
pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honor.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,

I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter;
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even!

Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart,
to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient:
I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran:
I dare not for my head fill my belly;
one fruitful meal would set me to't: But they say the duke will be here to-morrow.
By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit ISABELLA.*

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day.
Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the

lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Angelo's House.*

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath dis-vouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed:

Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit, As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [Exit.]

Ang. Good night.—

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me un-pregnant,

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid! And by an eminent body, that enforced The law against it!—But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her?—no:

For my authority bears a credent bulk, That no particular scandal once can touch, But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,

Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge, By so receiving a dishonor'd life, With ransome of such shame. Would yet he had lived!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. [Exit.]

SCENE V. *Fields without the Town.*

Enter DUKE in his own habit, and Friar PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[Giving letters.]

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot. The matter being afoot, keep your instruction, And hold you ever to our special drift;

Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,

As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,

And tell him where I stay: give the like notice, To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus, And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate; But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well.

[Exit Friar.]

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:

Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends

Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

[Exit.]

SCENE VI. *Street near the City Gate.*

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth; I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part: Yet I'm advised to do it; He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if per-adventure

He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic, That's bitter to sweet end.

Mar. I would, friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,

Where you may have such vantage on the duke, He shall not pass you: Twice have the trumpets sounded;

The generous and gravest citizens

Have hent the gates, and very near upon

The duke is ent'ring; therefore hence, away.

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A public Place near the City Gate.*

MARIANA, (*veiled*), ISABELLA, and PETER, *at a distance.* *Enter at opposite doors, DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, & Citizens.*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.

We have made inquiry of you: and we hear Such goodness of your justice, that our soul Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks, Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And rasure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favors that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;—
And good supporters are you.

PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,

Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me, justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom? Be brief:
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice!
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me, here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice!

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:

That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest

There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible

That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,

If she be mad, (as I believe no other,) Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
And hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio
Was then the messenger;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honor.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong

To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it:
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debate-

ment,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honor,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou knowst
not what thou speakst;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor,
In hateful practice: First, his integrity

Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,

That with such vehemency he should pursue Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended, He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself, And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice Thou camest here to complain.

Isab. And is this all? Then, oh, you blessed ministers above, Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time, Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone:—An officer!

To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.

—Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:—Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;

I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord, For certain words he spake against your grace In your retirement, I had swung him soundly.

Duke. Words against me! This' a good friar, belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar

I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar, A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace! I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard Your royal ear abused: First, hath this woman Most wrongfully accused your substitute; Who is as free from touch or soil with her, As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less. Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler, As he's reported by this gentleman:

And, on my trust, a man that never yet Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;

But at this instant he is sick, my lord, Of a strange fever: Upon his mere request, (Being come to knowledge that there was complaint

Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither, To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know Is true, and false; and what he, with his oath, And all probation, will make up full clear,

Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman;

(To justify this worthy nobleman, So vulgarly and personally accused,) Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes, Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[*ISABELLA is carried off, guarded; and MARIANA comes forward.*]

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—

O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—

Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge

Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?

First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face,

Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you

Are nothing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow; I would he had some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;

And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:

I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not,

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:

She, that accuses him of fornication,

In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;

And charges him, my lord, with such a time,

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,

With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,

Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,

But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse:—Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,

Which once thou swore'st was worth the

looking on:

This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,

Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;

And, five years since, there was some speech
of marriage

Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief
For that her reputation was disvalued

In levity: since which time of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard
from her,

Upon my faith and honor.

Mari. Noble prince,

As there comes light from heaven, and words
from breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good
lord,

But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of
justice;

My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier mem-
ber,

That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of plea-
sure.—

Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! thinkst thou,
thy oaths,

Though they would swear down each particular
saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation? You, lord

Escalus,

Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord;
for he, indeed,

Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.—[*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while

Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have
well

Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—

[*Exit DUKE.*] Signior Lucio, did not you say,
you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dis-
honest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*:
honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one
that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the
duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here
till he come, and enforce them against him:
we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once
again; [*To an Attendant.*] I would speak
with her: Pray you, my lord, give me leave to
question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own
report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled
her privately, she would sooner confess; per-
chance, publicly she'll be ashamed.

*Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA, the DUKE
in the Friar's habit, and Provost.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light
at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress: [*To ISABELLA.*]
here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have
said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I
spoke of; here, with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you
to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: Did you set these women
on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd
you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let
the devil

Be sometime honor'd for his burning throne:
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear
you speak:

Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhal-
low'd friar!

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man: but, in foul
mouth,

And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the duke himself;

To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll touze you, joint
by joint,

But we will know this purpose:—What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanced, that the strong
statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him
to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him,
signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-
man bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of
your voice: I met you at the prison, in the
absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remem-
ber what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke
a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you
then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with
me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed,
spoke so of him; and much more, much
worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I
pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love
myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now,
after his treasonable abuses!

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd
withal:—Away with him to prison:—Where
is the provost?—Away with him to prison;
lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no
more:—Away with those giglots too, and with
the other confederate companion.

[The Provost lays hands on the DUKE.]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh,
sir: Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you
must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's
visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-
biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not
off? [Pulls off the Friar's hood, and disco-
vers the DUKE.]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er
made a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.—
Sneak not away, sir; [To LUCIO.] for the friar
and you

Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit
you down.— [To ESCALUS.]

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your
leave: [To ANGELO.]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes: Then, good
prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence, then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her
instantly.—

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.

[Exeunt ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER,
and Provost.]

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his
dishonor,

Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:
Your friar is now your prince: As I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Nor changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscured myself,
Laboring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: But, peace be with
him!

That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your
comfort,

So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and
Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approach-
ing here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honor, you must pardon,
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your
brother,

(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent for your brother's life,)

The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers lei-
sure:

Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for
Measure.

Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee
vantage:

We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
haste;—

Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with
a husband:

Consenting to the safeguard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his posses-
sions,

Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege,— [Kneeling.

Duke. You do but lose your labor;
Away with him to death.—

Now, sir, to you. [To LUCIO.

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take
my part;

Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune
her:

Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the
better

For being a little bad: so may my husband.

O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir,
[Kneeling.

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die: My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no
subjects;

Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I
say.—

I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the
deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private
message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your
office:

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:

For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Clau-
dio.—

Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost.

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO,
and JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this
man:—

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squarest thy life according. Thou'rt con-
demn'd;

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fel-
low's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I saved,
That should have died when Claudio lost his
head;

As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

[Unmuffles CLAUDIO.

Duke. If he be like your [To ISABELLA.]
brother, for his sake

Is he pardon'd: And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quickening in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth
yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself:

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;—

You, sirrah, [*To Lucio.*] that knew me for a fool, a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;

Wherein have I deserved so of you,

That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick: If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—Proclaim it, provost, round about the city; If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow, (As I have heard him swear himself, there's one

Whom he begot with child,) let her appear, And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd, Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honor, thou shalt marry her.

Thy slanders I forgive: and therewithal

Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison: And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—

Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo; I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:

There's more behind, that is more grate. Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy; We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home The head of Ragozine for Claudio's; The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel, I have a motion much imports your good; Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline, What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:—

So bring us to our palace; where we'll show What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know. [*Exeunt.*]

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Persons represented.

FERDINAND, *king of Navarre.*
 BIRON,
 LONGAVILLE, } *lords, attending on the king.*
 DUMAIN,
 BOYET, } *lords, attending on the prin-*
 MERCADE, } *cess of France.*
 DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical*
 Spaniard.
 SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*
 HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*

DULL, *a constable.*
 COSTARD, *a clown.*
 MOTHE, *page to Armado.*
 A Forester.

Princess of France.

ROSALINE, } *ladies, attending on the*
 MARIA, } *princess.*
 KATHARINE, }
 JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Officers and others, Attendants on the King and Princess.

Scene,—Navarre.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
 Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
 And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
 When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
 The endeavour of this present breath may buy
 That honor, which shall bate his scythe's keen
 edge,
 And make us heirs of all eternity.
 Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
 That war against your own affections,
 And the huge army of the world's desires,—
 Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
 Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
 Our court shall be a little Academe,
 Still and contemplative in living art.
 You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,
 Have sworn for three years' term to live with
 me,
 My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
 That are recorded in this schedule here:
 Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your
 names;
 That his own hand may strike his honor down,
 That violates the smallest branch herein:
 If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
 Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved; 'tis but a three years'
 fast;
 The mind shall banquet, though the body pine;
 Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
 Make rich the ribs, but banq'rout quite the
 wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
 The grosser manner of these world's delights
 He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
 To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
 With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
 So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
 That is, To live and study here three years.
 But there are other strict observances:
 As, not to see a woman in that term;
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
 And, one day in a week to touch no food;
 And but one meal on every day beside;
 The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
 And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
 And not be seen to wink of all the day;
 (When I was wont to think no harm all night,
 And make a dark night too of half the day;)
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
 O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
 Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from
 these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you
 please;
 I only swore to study with your grace,
 And stay here in your court for three years'
 space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the
 rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in
 jest.—

What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we
 should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean,
 from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know :
As thus—To study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid ;
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid :
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know :
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no. }

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain :
As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile :
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that was it blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks ;

Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is, to know naught but fame ;

And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading !

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding !

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that ?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am ; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing ?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth ?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows ;

But like of each thing that in season grows. }

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out : go home, Biron ;
adieu !

Biron. No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay with you :

And, tho' I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same ;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name. }

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame ! }

Biron. [Reads.] Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.—
And hath this been proclaim'd ?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.

[Reads.]—On pain of losing her tongue.—
Who devised this ?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why ?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.

[Reads.] Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman, within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.—

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father :
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords ? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot ;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should :
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree ;

She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space :

For every man with his affects is born ;
Not by might master'd, but by special grace :
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name :

[Subscribes.]

And he that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame ;

Suggestions are to others, as to me ;

But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But, is there no quick recreation granted ?

King. Ay, that there is : our court, you know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain ;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain ;

One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's
debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be
our sport;
And so to study three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow; What wouldst?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person,
for I am his grace's tharborough: but I would
see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends
you. There's villany abroad; this letter will
tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as
touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope
in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having: God
grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh
moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give
us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning
Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken
with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir;
all these three: I was seen with her in the
manor-house, sitting with her upon the form,
and taken following her into the park; which,
put together, is, in manner and form following.
Now, sir, for the manuer,—it is the manner of
a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—
in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction;
And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with atten-
tion?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to
hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads.*] *Great deputy, the welkin's
vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre,
my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering
patron,—*

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. *So it is,—*

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he
is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares
not fight!

King. No words.

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech
you.

King. *So it is, besieged with sable-colored
melancholy, I did commend the black-op-
pressing humor to the most wholesome
physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I
am a gentleman, betook myself to walk.
The time when, about the sixth hour;
when beasts most graze, birds best peck,
and men sit down to that nourishment
which is called supper. So much for the
time when: Now for the ground which;
which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped
thy park. Then for the place where; where,
I mean, I did encounter that obscene and
most preposterous event, that draweth from
my snow-white pen the ebon-colored ink,
which here thou viewest, beholdest, sur-
veyest, or seest: But to the place, where,—
It standeth north-north-east and by east
from the west corner of thy curious-knotted
garden: There did I see that low-spirited
swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,*

Cost. Me.

King. —that unletter'd, small-knowing
soul,

Cost. Me.

King. —that shallow vassal,

Cost. Still me.

King. —which, as I remember, hight Cos-
tard,

Cost. O me!

King. —sorted and consorted, contrary to
thy established proclaimed edict and con-
tinent canon, with—with,—O with—but with
this I passion to say wherewith,—

Cost. With a wench.

King. —with a child of cur grandmother
Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet
understanding, a woman. Him I (as my
ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent
to thee, to receive the meed of punishment,
by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull;
a man of good repute, carriage, bearing,
and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am
Antony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker
vessel called, which I apprehended with
the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel
of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of
thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine,
in all compliments of devoted and heart-
burning heat of duty,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for,
but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But,
sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And don Armado shall be your keeper.

—My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt KING, LONG, & DUMAIN.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn. Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the same.*
Armado's House.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him. [*Aside.*]

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher. [*Aside.*]

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humor of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage! for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the color of lovers; but to have a love of that color, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colors.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. *[Aside.]*

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing,

Moth. Forbear, till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaqu. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaqu. That's here-by.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaqu. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaqu. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaqu. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaqu. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay; nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[Exeunt MOTH and COST.]

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valor! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. *[Exit.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:

Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Imports personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.

Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I go. *[Exit.]*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1 Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigot and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will:

Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills

It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report, to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;

And he, and his competitors in oath,
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. *[The Ladies mask.]*

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wild fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,

Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance. I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping: 'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord, And sin to break it:

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold; To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming, And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[Gives a paper.]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away; For you'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate The payment of a hundred thousand crowns; Being but the one half of an entire sum, Disbursed by my father in his wars. But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,) Received that sum; yet there remains unpaid A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us, Although not valued to the money's worth. If then the king your father will restore But that one half which is unsatisfied, We will give up our right in Aquitaine, And hold fair friendship with his majesty. But that, it seems, he little purposeth; For here he doth demand to have repaid A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands, On payment of a hundred thousand crowns, To have his title live in Aquitaine; Which we much rather had depart withal, And have the money by our father lent, Than Aquitaine, so gelded as it is. Dear princess, were not his requests so far

VOL. I.

From reason's yielding, your fair self should make A yielding 'gainst some reason, in my breast, And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name, In so unseemingly to confess receipt Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it; And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back, Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word:— Boyet, you can produce acquittances For such a sum, from special officers Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,

Where that and other specialties are bound; To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview, All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand, As honor, without breach of honor, may Make tender of to thy true worthiness:

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates; But here without you shall be so received, As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart, Though so denied fair harbour in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:

To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! [Exeunt KING and his Train.]

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at heart.

Ros. Alack, let it bleed.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says, I.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No poynt, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.]

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit.]

Long. I beseech you, a word; what is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

R

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[Exit LONG.]

Biron. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you. [Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;

Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you, to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.]

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:

The civil war of wits were much better used On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)

By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes, Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:

His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;

All senses to that sense did make their repair,

To feel only looking on fairest of fair:

Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;

Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.

His face's own margent did quote such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes;

I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,

An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed—

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclosed:

I only have made a mouth of his eye, By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakst skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Another part of the same.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel— [Singing.]

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How meanst thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humor it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime

through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements, these are humors; these betray nice wenches—that would be betray'd without these; and make them men of note, (do you note men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so: Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he: I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal: voluble and free of grace!

By thy favor, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:

Most rude melancholy, valor gives thee place. My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.

I will example it.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee, Were still at odds, being but three:

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,

And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,

Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy* ending in the goose. Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose; that's flat:—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain; Thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*; I will speak that *l'envoy*:

I, *Costard*, running out, that was safely within, Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah *Costard*, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one *Frances*:—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this significant to the country maid *Jaquenetta*: there is remuneration; [*Giving him money.*] for the best ward of mine honor, is, rewarding my dependents. *Moth*, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior *Costard*, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!— [*Exit MOTH.* Now will I look to his remuneration. Remu-

neration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.*

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you!

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee: As thou wilt win my favor, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name
her name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon;
go. *[Gives him money.]*

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Guerdon—remuneration. *[Exit.]*

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of cod-pieces,

Sole imperator, and great general

Of trotting paritors,—O my little heart!—

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colors like a tumbler's hoop!

What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a repairing; ever out of frame;

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right?

Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;

And, among three, to love the worst of all;

A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,

With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;

Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,

Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!

To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague

That Cupid will impose for my neglect

Of his almighty dreadful little might.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and
groan;

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same.*

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder copse;

A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speakst, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?

O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

[Giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart:

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford

To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,

One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—*Boyet*, you can carve; Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—This letter is mistook, it importeth none here; It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear: Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [Reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous; truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar. (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome; To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's; The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands*

the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles, titles; For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;

Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport

To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word: Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,

To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day. [*Exit PRINCESS & Train.*]

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry. Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,*
[Singing.

Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt ROS. & KATH.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I'faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt BOYET & MAR.*

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armato o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man! To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit! Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit!

Sola, sola! [Shouting within.
[Exit COSTARD, running.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,—blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind

of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monster, ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal; only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,

Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;

And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humor the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell; put I to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;

Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.

*If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.*

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*; and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*: a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likeliest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—*Vinigia, Vinigia,*

Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;

Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.

Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,

That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man; and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

Your ladyship's in all desired employment,
BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* COST. and JAQ.]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colorable colors. But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *benvenuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society, (saith the text,) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly

concludes it.—Sir, [To DULL.] I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*. Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Another part of the same.*

Enter BIRON, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch: pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! by the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

[Gets up into a tree.]

Enter the KING, with a paper.

King. Ah me!

Biron. [Aside.] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I'faith, secrets.—

King. [Reads.] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*

*To these fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote*

The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright

*Thro' the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face thro' tears of mine give light;*

*Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,*

*So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,*

*And they thy glory thro' thy grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep*

*My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!*

No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;

Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here? [Steps aside.]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear! [Aside.]

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers. [Aside.]

King. In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame! [Aside.]

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name. [Aside.]

Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so?

Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know;

Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,

The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [Aside.] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose;

Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go.

[He reads the sonnet.]

*Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,)*

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

*A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.*

*Vows are but breath, and breath a vapor is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,*

Exhal'st this vapor vow; in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

*If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?*

Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry. God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [Stepping aside.]

Biron. [Aside.] All hid, all hid, an old infant play:

Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;

Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!
Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. [Aside.] O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye.

Biron. By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie. [Aside.]

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

Biron. An amber-color'd raven was well noted. [Aside.]

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child. [Aside.]

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [*Aside.*]

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine! [*Aside.*]

King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aside.*]

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word? [*Aside.*]

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood, why, then incision

Would let her out in saucers; sweet misprision! [*Aside.*]

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aside.*]

Dum. On a day, (*alack the day!*)

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spic'd a blossom, passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air:

Thro' the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, 'gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so!

But, alack, my hand is sworn,

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee:

Thou for whom even Jove would swear,

Juno but an Ethiop were;

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy love.—

This will I send: and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, [*advancing.*] thy love is far from charity,

'That in love's grief desirest society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [*advancing.*] you blush;
as his your case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your
fashion;

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:

Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth;

[*To LONG.*]

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*To DUMAIN.*]

What will Birón say, when that he shall hear
A faith infringed, which such a zeal did swear?
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:

[*Descends from the tree.*]

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.

O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!

Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company

With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;

Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over.
[*Giving him the letter.*]

Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of dun Adramadio, dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name. [*Picks up the pieces.*]

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, [*To Cost.*] you were born to do me shame. Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:

He, he, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four.—
Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [*Exeunt Cost. & Jaq.*]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood will not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;

She, an attending star, scarce seen alight.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;

Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;

She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favor turns the fashion of the days;

For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colors should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see. [*Showing his shoe.*]

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies,

The street should see as she walk'd overhead.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry there;—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms:

Consider what you first did swear unto:—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman:—

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book:

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean
fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigor of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study too, the causer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in
taste:
For valor, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,

Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forsworn:
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to
the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon
them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain dealing; lay these glozes
by:

Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us
devise

Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct
them thither;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace
them,

Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with
flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons! Allons!*—Sow'd cockle
reap'd no corn;

And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men for-
sworn;

If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same.*

*Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and
DULL.*

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons
at dinner have been sharp and sententious;
pleasant without scurrility, witty without affec-
tion, audacious without impudency, learned
without opinion, and strange without heresy.
I did converse this *quondam* day with a com-

panion of the king's, who is intituled, nomi-
nated, or called, don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humor
is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue
filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and
his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and
Thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too
affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as
I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour, neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?*—*bone*, for *bene*: *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra! [To *MOTh*.

Hol. *Quare chirra, not sirrah?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

[To *COSTARD*, *aside*.

Cost. O, they have lived long in the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [to *HOL.*] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—

What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit: snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*: A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me!

Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon; the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head;—and, among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honors it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? He shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, *well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*, Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none, neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Another part of the same.*
Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,

If fairings come thus plentifully in:

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax:

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;

And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff;

Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not—O, that's you care not for me.

VOL. I.

Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But Rosaline, you have a favor too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew,

An if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favor were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón:

The numbers true; and were the numbering too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter:

O, that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less: Dost thou not wish in heart,

The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools, to purchase mocking so.

That same Birón I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week!

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;

And shape his service wholly to my behests;

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

S

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surprised: Muster your wits; stand in your own defence; Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are they, That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore, I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour: When lo! to interrupt my purposed rest, Toward that shade I might behold address The king and his companions: warily I stole into a neighbour thicket by, And overheard what you shall overhear: That, by and by, disguised they will be here. Their herald is a pretty knavish page, That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy: Action, and accent, did they teach him there; *Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:*

And ever and anon they made a doubt, Presence majestical would put him out; For, quoth the king, *an angel shalt thou see; Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.* The boy replied, *An angel is not evil; I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.* With that, all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder; Making the bold wag by their praises bolder. One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,

A better speech was never spoke before: Another, with his finger and his thumb, Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:* The third, he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well:* The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell. With that they all did tumble on the ground, With such a zealous laughter, so profound, That in this spleen ridiculous appears, To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,—

Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess, The purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance: And every one his love-feat will advance Unto his several mistress; which they'll know By favors several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd; And not a man of them shall have the grace, Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.— Hold, Rosaline, this favor thou shalt wear;

And then the king will court thee for his dear; Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;

So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—

And change you favors too; so shall your loves Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favors most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs: They do it but in mocking merriment; And mock for mock is only my intent.

Their several counsels they unbosom shall To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal, Upon the next occasion that we meet, With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace; But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt, The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out. There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'er-thrown;

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own: So shall we stay, mocking intended game; And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come. [*The Ladies mask.*]

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in Russian habits, and masked; MOTH, Musicians and Attendants.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames, [*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*]

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views! Out—

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favors, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe

Not to behold—

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes—with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet; You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? begone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet.

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will

That some plain man recount their purposes :
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measured many miles,

To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measured many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: ask them, how many inches Is in one mile: if they have measured many, The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither you have measured miles,

And many miles; the princess bids you tell, How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps, Of many weary miles you have o'ergone, Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;

Our duty is so rich, so infinite, That we may do it still without accompt.

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face, That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine

(Those clouds removed) upon our wat'ry eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter; Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change:

Thou bidst me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then: nay, you must do it soon. *[Music plays.]*

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man. The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends:—Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves; What buys your company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu; Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleased with that.

[They converse apart.]

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar: there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey;—Well run, dice! There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu! Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

[They converse apart.]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[They converse apart.]

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry. *[They converse apart.]*

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense: so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought,
swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt* KING, Lords, MOTH, Music and Attendants.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites. Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout! Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces? This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases! The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Birón did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:

No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;

And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art.

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:

Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows;

Therefore, change favors; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! what shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguised:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,

Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whipto our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt* PRINCESS, ROS. KATH. & MAR.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas;

And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassals, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honorable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales bone:
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, & Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjured men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So much I hate a breaking-cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;

My lady, (to the manner of the days,)
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted here with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,

That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried: they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amazed, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon!
Why look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in visor to my friend;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song;

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them: and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand,
God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:

And, to begin wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies,
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguised?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advised?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honor, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear

As precious eye-sight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord

Most honorably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life,
my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,

You gave me this: but take it sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;

I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;

And lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear:—

What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—

I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy:

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight,
some Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in years; and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh, when she's disposed,—
Told our intents before: which once disclosed,

The ladies did change favors; and then we,

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn; in will and error.

Much upon this it is:—And might not you,

[To Boyet.] Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.

You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so:

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir;
we know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine!

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know where-
until it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes
for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should
get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves,
the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth
amount: for my own part, I am, as they say,
but to perfect one man,—e'en one poor man;
Pompion the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy
of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I
know not the degree of the worthy; but I am
to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will
take some care. [Exit COST.]

King. Birón, they will shame us, let them
not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and
'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and
his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule
you now;

That sport best pleases, that doth least know
how:

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,

Their form confounded makes most form in
mirth;

When great things laboring perish in their
birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my
lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense
of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace
of words.

[ARMADO converses with the KING, and
delivers him a paper.]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's
making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey
monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is
exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too
vain: But we will put it, as they say, to *for-
tuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of
mind, most royal couplement. [Exit ARMADO.]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of
worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the
swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate,
Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the
pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate a throw at novum; and the whole world again,
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[*Seats brought for the KING, PRINCESS, &c.*

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter COSTARD armed, for Pompey.

Cost. *I Pompey am,*—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. *I Pompey am,*—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. *I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the big,*—

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir;—*Pompey surnamed the great;*

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my joe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.

If your ladyship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, *great.*

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL armed, for Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;*

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;

My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;*

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir, [*To NATH.*] you have over-

thrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool, will be given to A-jax: he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*NATH. retires.*] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour in-sooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 'tis;—a little o'erparted:—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES armed, for Judas, and MOTH armed, for Hercules.

Hol. *Great Hercules is presented by this imp,*

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;

And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp, Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;

Ergo, I come with this apology.—

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

[*Exit MOTH.*

Hol. *Judas I am,*—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor:—How art thou proved Judas?

Hol. *Judas I am,*—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carved bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-faced them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go. *And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?*

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—
Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO armed, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*

Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace.

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so breathed, that certain he would fight, yea

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man—But I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty, [to the PRINCESS.] bestow on me the sense of hearing. [BIRON whispers COSTARD.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hanged, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved:—More Ates, more Ates: stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favor.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam.

Prin. Welcome, Mercade; But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring, Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath; I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [Exeunt Worthies.]

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat, Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide, The liberal opposition of our spirits: If over-boldly we have borne ourselves In the converse of breath, your gentleness Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord! A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:

Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely
form

All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the morning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed; since, to wail friends
lost,

Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are
double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the
ear of grief;—

And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty,
ladies,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humors
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have received your letters, full
of love;

Your favors, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much
more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore, this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed

To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what
to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are
rank;

You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favor mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what
to me?

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and
honesty;

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth
and a day

I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till
then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn
again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time
is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Birón,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful
brain;

And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day

Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat
of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing
spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamors of their own dear
groans,

Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what
will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take
my leave. [To the KING.]

King. No, madam; we will bring you on
your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an
old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth
and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take
leave: I am a votary: I have vowed to
Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet
love three years. But, most esteemed great-
ness, will you hear the dialogue that the two
learned men have compiled, in praise of the
owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed
in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH,
COSTARD, and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the
spring; the one maintained by the owl, the
other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

SPRING.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after
the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this
way. [Exeunt.]

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Persons represented.

Duke of Venice.

Prince of Morocco, } *suitors to Portia.*

Prince of Arragon, }

ANTONIO, the merchant of Venice.

BASSANIO, his friend.

SALANIO,

SALARINO, } *friends to Antonio & Bassanio.*

GRATIANO,

LORENZO, in love with Jessica.

SHYLOCK, a Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown, servant to Shylock.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.

SALERIO, a messenger from Venice.

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.

BALTHAZAR, } *servants to Portia.*

STEPHANO,

PORTIA, a rich heiress.

NERISSA, her waiting-maid.

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.

Scene,—partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
Or, as it were the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curl'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture
forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?

Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the
thought

To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanced, would make me
sad?

But, tell not me; I know, Antonio

Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:

Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Salan. Why then you are in love.

Ant.

Fie, fie!

Salan. Not in love neither? Then let's say,
you are sad,

Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say, you are
merry,

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
Janus,

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep thro' their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, & GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most
noble kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have staid till I had made
you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we
laugh? Say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on
yours. [Exeunt SALAR. & SALAN.]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found
Antonio,

We two will leave you: but, at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gra-
tiano;

A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the
jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, *I am sir Oracle*,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn
those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till din-
ner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years
more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this
gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only com-
mendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not
vendible. [Exeunt GRAT. & LOR.]

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of
nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His
reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two
bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you
find them; and, when you have them, they are
not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is this same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me
know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honor, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost
one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and, by adventuring
both,

I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend
but time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong.
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometime from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos'
strand,

And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are
at sea;

Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body
is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your
miseries were in the same abundance as your
good fortunes are: And yet, for aught I see,
they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as
they that starve with nothing: It is no mean
happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean;
superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but
competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what
were good to do, chapels had been churches,
and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It
is a good divine that follows his own instruc-
tions: I can easier teach twenty what were
good to be done, than be one of the twenty to
follow mine own teaching. The brain may
devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper
leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is mad-
ness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good
counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not
in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me,
the word choose! I may neither choose whom
I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the
will of a living daughter curbed by the will of
a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I
cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and
holy men, at their death, have good inspira-
tions; therefore, the lottery, that he hath de-
vised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and
lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning,
chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen
by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly
love. But what warmth is there in your affection
towards any of these princely suitors that are
already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as
thou namest them, I will describe them; and,
according to my description, level at my
affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth
nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it
a great appropriation to his own good parts,
that he can shoe him himself: I am much
afraid, my lady his mother played false with
a smith.

Ner. Then is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who
should say, *An if you will not have me, choose:*
he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear,
he will prove the weeping philosopher when
he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sad-
ness in his youth. I had rather be married to
a death's head, with a bone in his mouth, than
to either of these. God defend me from
these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, mon-
sieur le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him
pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin
to be a mocker; but, he! why he hath a horse
better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad
habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he
is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he
falls straight a capering; he will fence with
his own shadow: if I should marry him, I
should marry twenty husbands: If he would
despise me, I would forgive him; for if he
love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge,
the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for
he understands not me, nor I him: he hath
neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you
will come into the court and swear, that I have
a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a
proper man's picture: But, alas! who can
converse with a dumb show? How oddly he
is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in
Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in
Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord,
his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in
him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the
Englishman, and swore he would pay him
again, when he was able: I think, the French-
man became his surety, and sealed under for
another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the
duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he
is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon,
when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a
little worse than a man; and when he is worst,
he is little better than a beast: an the worst
fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to
go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and
choose the right casket, you should refuse to
perform your father's will, if you should refuse
to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray
thee, set a deep glass of rhenish wine on the
contrary casket: for, if the devil be within,

and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them, but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Venice. A public Place.

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition; he hath an argosy bound to

Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad: But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork! to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: But soft; how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

[*To ANTONIO.*]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,

By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.

Well then, your bond; and, let me see,—
But hear you;

Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,

This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised,
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and
pied,

Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being
rank,

In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-color'd lambs, and those were Ja-
cob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob
served for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?

Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.—
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;

A goodly apple, rotten at the heart;

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good
round sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the
rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden
to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me

About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:

You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears, you need my help:

Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,

Shylock, we would have monies; You say so;

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,

And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold; monies is your suit.

What should I say to you? Should I not say,

Hath a dog money? is it possible

A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,

With' bated breath, and whispering humbleness,

Say this,—

Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;

You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)

But lend it rather to thine enemy;

Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me
with,

Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear
me:

This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:—

Go with me to a notary, seal me there

Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,

If you repay me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are

Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit

Be nominated for an equal pound

Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken

In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a
bond,

And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for
me,

I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:

Within these two months, that's a month before

This bond expires, I do expect return

Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Chris-
tians are;

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect

The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;

If he should break his day, what should I gain

By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,

Is not so estimable, profitable neither,

As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,

To buy his favor, I extend this friendship:

If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;

And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;

Give him direction for this merry bond,

And I will go and purse the ducats straight;

See to my house, left in the fearful guard

Of an unthrifty knave; and presently

I will be with you.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's
mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dis-
may,

My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Florish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her Attendants.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife, who wins me by that means I told
you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of sultan Solymán,—
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page:
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose
wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto
my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after
dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me bless'd, or curs'd 'st among men.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Venice. A Street.

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve
me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend
is at mine elbow; and tempts me, saying to me,
*Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or
good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use
your legs, take the start, run away:* My
conscience says,—*no; take heed, honest Laun-
celot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as afore-
said, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run;
scorn running with thy heels:* Well, the most
courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the
fiend; *away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens;*
rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, *and
run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the
neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—
*my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest
man's son,*—or rather an honest woman's son;
for, indeed, my father did something smack,
something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—
well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge
not; budge,* says the fiend; *budge not,* says
my conscience: Conscience, say I, you coun-
sel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be
ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the
Jew my master, who, (God bless the mark!)
is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the
Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who,
saving your reverence, is the devil himself:
Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarna-
tion; and, in my conscience, my conscience
is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to
counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend
gives the more friendly counsel: I will run,
fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I
will run.

Enter old GOBBO, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you;
which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true
begotten father! who, being more than sand-
blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I
will try conclusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you,
which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the
next turning; but, at the next turning of all, on
your left; marry, at the very next turning,
turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to
the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way
to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot,
that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?
—Mark me now; [*aside.*] now will I raise the
waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son:

his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But, I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you: Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your master-ship.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipping'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew: Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs.

Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man; to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the furthest by five of the clock: See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! Wouldst thou anght with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins:—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakst it well: go, father, with thy son:—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out:—Give him a livery

[*To his followers.*]

More guarded than his fellows': See it done.

Laun. Father, in;—I cannot get a service, no!—I have ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well; [*Looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book!—I shall have good fortune: Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's

a small trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;—here are simple scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* LAUN. and old GOBBO.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:

These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

[*Enter* GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit* LEONARDO.

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must:—But hear thee, Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there
they show

Something too liberal;—pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild
behaviour,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine
eyes

Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not
gage me

By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Shylock's House.*

[*Enter* JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—
Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a
Christian did not play the knave, and get thee,
I am much deceived: But, adieu! these foolish
drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit;
adieu! [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.*

[*Enter* GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO,
and SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-
time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-
bearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly
order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock; we have
two hours
To furnish us:—

[*Enter* LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up
this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair
hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the
Jew to sup to-night with my new master the
Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jes-
sica,
I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano, At Gratiano's lodging, some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt* SALAR. and SALAN.]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed,

How I shall take her from her father's house; What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with; What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven, It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:

And never dare Misfortune cross her foot, Unless she do it under this excuse,—

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest: Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. Before Shylock's House.*

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize, As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica; There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me: But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl, Look to my house:—I am right loth to go; There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest, For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,

And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife, Clamber not you up to the casements then, Nor thrust your head into the public street,

To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces; But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements; Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear, I have no mind of feasting forth to-night: But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah; Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—

Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit* LAUN.]

Shy. Whatsays that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder.

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day.

More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;

Therefore I part with him; and part with him To one that I would have him help to waste His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in; Perhaps I will return immediately;

Do as I bid you,

Shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*]

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masked.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo

Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour, For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,

To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That everholds: Who riseth from a feast, With that keen appetite that he sits down?

Where is the horse that doth untread again His tedious measures with the unbated fire

That he did pace them first? All things that are, Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

How like a younker, or a prodigal, The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,

Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind! How like the prodigal doth she return,

With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails, Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode:

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait; When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,

I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;

Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,

Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed; For who love I so much? And now who knows, But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me, For I am much ashamed of my exchange:

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit;

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames? They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;

And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet, Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.

But come at once;

For the close night doth play the run-away, And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself

With some more ducats, and be with you straight. *[Exit, from above.]*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily: For she is wise, if I can judge of her; And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true; And true she is, as she hath proved herself; And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true, Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away; Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with JES. and SALAR.]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest? 'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you:—No masque to-night; the wind is come about, Bassanio presently will go aboard: I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight, Than to be under sail, and gone to-night.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their Trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover

The several caskets to this noble prince:— Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears;—

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

The second, silver, which this promise carries;—

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,

I will survey the inscriptions back again:

What says this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;

I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying graved in gold:

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her.

From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal, breathing saint.

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds

Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,

For princes to come view fair Portia:

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,

As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,

To think so base a thought; it were too gross

To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.

Or shall I think, in silver she's immured,

Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?

O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem

Was set in worse than gold. They have in England

A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form
lie there,
Then I am yours.

[*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll: I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.*

Cold, indeed; and labor lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and welcome, frost.—
Portia, adieu! I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*]

Por. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains, go;—
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. Venice. A Street.

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised
the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under
sail;
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:

My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!

Fled with a Christian!—O my christian ducats!—

Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!

*A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!*

And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,

*Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!*

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow
him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what
you hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the
earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd—*Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:*

*Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there.*

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Salan. I think, he only loves the world for
him.

I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the
curtain straight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, PORTIA, and their Trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble
prince:

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three
things:

First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth
swear,

That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base
lead.

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

What many men desire.—That many may be meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear;
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;

And well said too: For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honor

Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honor? and how much honor

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:

I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,

Presenting me a schedule. I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia?

How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,

And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss:
Some there be, that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er! and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So begone, sir, you are sped.*

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here;
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon, and Train.*]

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate,
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high-day wit in praising him.—

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street.

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that
Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on
the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they
call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal,
where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie

buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an
honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip
in that, as ever knapp'd ginger, or made her
neighbours believe she wept for the death
of a third husband: But it is true,—without
any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain
high-way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the
honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good
enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha,—what sayst thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants.

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain,—if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be, by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt SALAN. SALAR. and Servant.*]

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub.—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal:—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stickst a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal,

and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal;
at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. The caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a
while:

There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours: O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the
truth.

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the
stream,

And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much much more dis-
may

I view the fight, than thou that makest the fray.

*Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the
caskets to himself.*

SONG.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?*

Reply.

2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.*

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass.—So may the outward shows be least
themselves;

The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as
milk?

And these assume but valor's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the
wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy
gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager
lead,
Which rather threatenest, than doth promise
aught,

Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I: Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,

And shudd'ring fear and green-eyed jealousy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in
her hairs

The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd: Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this
shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the
scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!*

Since this fortune falls to you,

Be content, and seek no new.

If you be well pleased with this,

And hold your fortune for your bliss,

Turn you where your lady is,

And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll:—Fair lady, by your leave;

[*Kissing her.*

I come by note, to give, and to receive.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;

That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit

Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all
words,

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing, pleased multitude:
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd: But when this
ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and
lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:
And, when your honors mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get
a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got
me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again;
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love: at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased
withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good
faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honor'd i
your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for
a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport,
and stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his in-
fidel?

What, my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your
leave,

I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honor: For my part, my
lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sale. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

[*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope this letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her
welcome.
Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from
Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Sale. Would you had won the fleece that he
hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in
yon same paper,
That steal the color from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and
worse?—

With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is't true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sale. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him
swear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in
trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest
man,

The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me
wife:

And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you
dear,—

But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads.*] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships
have all miscarried, my creditors grow
cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to
the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it,
it is impossible I should live, all debts are
cleared between you and I, if I might but
see you at my death: notwithstanding, use
your pleasure: if your love do not persuade
you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be-
gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy;—

This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond:
'Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*

Salan. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salan. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;

For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—

Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,

You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honor,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,

Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?

This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.

Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return; for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend
on you.

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am
well pleased

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jes-
sica.— [*Exeunt JES. and LOR.*

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth
give thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice: waste no time in
words,

But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient
speed. [*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our hus-
bands,

Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps

Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honorable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do with all:—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd
them:

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued
school

Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. A Garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly: for, look you, the sins
of the father are to be laid upon the children;
therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was
always plain with you, and so now I speak my
agitation of the matter: I therefore, be of good
cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd.
There is but one hope in it that can do you
any good; and that is but a kind of bastard
hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that
your father got you not, that you are not the
Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, in-
deed; so the sins of my mother should be
visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd
both by father and mother: thus when I shun
Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your
mother; well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he
hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we
were Christians enough before; e'en as many
as could well live, one by another: This
making of Christians will raise the price of
hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we
shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for
money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what
you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly,
Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo;
Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly,
there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I
am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no
good member of the commonwealth; for, in

converting Jews to Christians, you raise the
price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the com-
monwealth, than you can the getting up of the
negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you,
Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be
more than reason: but if she be less than an
honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I
took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the
word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly
turn into silence; and discourse grow com-
mendable in none only but parrots.—Go in,
sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all
stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are
you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is
the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion!
Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in
an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain
man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows;
bid them cover the table, serve in the meat,
and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served
in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for
your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as
humors and conceits shall govern.

[*Exit LAUN.*]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are
suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: And I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheerst thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly
match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a
stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speakst, 'mong other
things

I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Incapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdu-
rate,

And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salan. He's ready at the door: he comes,
my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before
our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but leadst this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more
strange

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where thou now exactst the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I
purpose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humor; Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?

Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine; for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes: Now, for your
answer:

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a swollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my
answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not
love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not
kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting
thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with
the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that, (than which what's
harder?)

His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is
six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy,
rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no
wrong?

You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and
mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them.—Shall I say to you
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their bed

Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this
court,

Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to day.

Salur. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor;
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the mes-
senger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man?
courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and
all,

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit

Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,

Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets
your grace. [*Presents a letter.*]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so ear-
nestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bank-
rupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh
Jew,

Thou makest thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keen-

ness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to
make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.

Thou almost makest me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men; thy currish spirit

Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human
slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou layst in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my
bond,

Thou but offendst thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth com-
mend

A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit
him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or
four of you,

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] *Your grace shall under-stand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what
he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand: Came you from old
Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand
forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not?

[*To ANTONIO.*]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown:

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the
court;

Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech
you,

Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in
Venice

Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a
Daniel!—

O wise young judge, how do I honor thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here
it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money
offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in
heaven:

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you, by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I say here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife:

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:

So says the bond:—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on
your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd: But what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing
to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well pre-
pared.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you:
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering pe-
nance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honorable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end,

Say, how I loved you; speak me fair in death:

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,

Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks
for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;

I would she were in heaven, so she could

Entreat some power to change this curish

Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands: I
have a daughter;

Would any of the stock of Barabbas

Had been her husband, rather than a Chris-
tian!

[*Aside.* We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh
is thine;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off

his breast;

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence:

come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft;
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou takest more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou standst:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou mayst have leave to
hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's
charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of
our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;

The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not
that:

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him,
Antonio?

Gra. A halter, gratis; nothing else, for God's
sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the
court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have

The other half in use,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—That, for this

favor,
He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew, what dost
thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from
hence;

I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two
godfathers;

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten
more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
[Exit SHYLOCK.]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to
dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night toward Padua,

And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves
you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

Exeunt DUKE, Magnificoes, & Train.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you
further;

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will
yield.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your
sake;

And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than
on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by
my wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save
their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,

And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[Exeunt PORTIA and NERISSA.]

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.

[Exit GRATIANO.]

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The same. A Street.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him
this deed,

And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well overtaken:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,

[To PORTIA.]

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou mayst, I warrant: We shall
have old swearing,

That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste; thou knowst where I will
tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to
this house? *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Belmont. Avenue to Portia's House.

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright:—In such a
night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;

And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew:
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come:
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the
night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I
pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring
word,

My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her
maid.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from
him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo,
and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! Where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from
my master, with his horn full of good news;
my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect
their coming.

And yet no matter;—Why should we go in?

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,

Within the house, your mistress is at hand;

And bring your music forth into the air.—

[*Exit STEPH.*

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this
bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;

There's not the smallest orb, which thou be-
holdst,

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:

Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Music'ans.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet
music. [*Music.*

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing
loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the
poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods;

Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature:

The man that hath no music in himself,

Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections dark as Erebus;

Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA & NERISSA, at a distance.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see
the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it,
madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the
lark,

When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked! [*Music ceases.*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows
the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our hus-
bands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

[A tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his
trumpet;
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-
light sick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and
their Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all!—You are welcome home,
my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome
to my friend.—
This the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound
to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

[*GRA. and NER. seem to talk apart.*

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me
wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the
matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths
You should have been respective, and have
kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that
had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself; the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain
with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honor to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honor, madam; by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet
lady?

I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have
begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my
house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,

And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:

I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like
Argus:

If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honor, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised,

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;

For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome, notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's
ring,

[To *Por.*]
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;

And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserved it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amazed:

Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly;
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life,
and living;

For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,

And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: Let us go in;

And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: The first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt.*]

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Persons represented.

DUKE, *living in exile.*
 FREDERICK, *brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.*
 AMIENS, } *lords attending upon the Duke*
 JAQUES, } *in his banishment.*
 LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*
 CHARLES, *his wrestler.*
 OLIVER, }
 JAQUES, } *sons of sir Rowland de Bois.*
 ORLANDO, }
 ADAM, } *servants to Oliver.*
 DENNIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*
 SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a vicar.*
 CORIN, } *shepherds.*
 SYLVIVS, }
 WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*
 A Person representing Hymen.
 ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished Duke.*
 CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*
 PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*
 AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

The Scene lies, first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court, and partly in the forest of Arden.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An Orchard, near Oliver's House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou sayst, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit; for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth: for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my

brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exit ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holha, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*—] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother, the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen

flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*]

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him: for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; neverschool'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I

am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favor'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of his wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honor; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught; now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanst?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honor him. Enough! speak no more of him: you'll be whipp'd for taxation, one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayst true: for since the little wit that fools have, was silenced, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, monsieur Le Beau; What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what color?

Le Beau. What color, madam? how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents,*—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides; is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege? so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by.

[DUKE goes apart.]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess: he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it

our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[CHARLES is thrown. Shout.]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [CHARLES is borne out.] What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honorable, But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house. But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;

I would thou hadst told me of another father. [Exit Duke FRED. Train, and LE BEAU.]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son, His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved sir Rowland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind: Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[Giving him a chain from her neck.
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks
means.—

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better
parts

Are all thrown down; and that which here
stands up,

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with
my fortunes:

I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Cel.*

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon
my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel
you

To leave this place: Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me
this;

Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge
by manners;

But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,

But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you
well! [*Exit LE BEAU.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, consin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid
have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be
cast away upon curs, throw some of them at
me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up;
when the one should be lamed with reasons,
and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father:
O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon
thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the
trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch
them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these
burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and
have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler
than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try
in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these
jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest:
Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall
into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's
youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father
dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should
love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I
should hate him, for my father hated his father
dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve
well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you
love him, because I do:—Look, here comes
the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your
safest haste,

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin;

Within these ten days if that thou beest found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,

Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a
traitor:

Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter,
there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his
dukedom;

So was I, when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your
sake,

Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;

I was too young that time to value her,

But now I know her; if she be a traitor,

Why so am I; we still have slept together,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her
smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience,

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;

And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more
virtuous,

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;

Firm and irrevocable is my doom,

Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my
liege:

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide
yourself;

If you out-stay the time, upon mine honor,

And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke FRED. and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou
go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I
am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: knowst thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the
love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:

Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?

No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,

Whither to go, and what to bear with us:

And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umber smirch my face;

The like do you; so shall we pass along,

And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;

As many other mannish cowards have,

That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a
man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's
own page,

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my
state;

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal

The clownish fool out of your father's court?

Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with
me;

Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,

And get our jewels and our wealth together;

Devise the fittest time, and safest way

To hide us from pursuit that will be made

After my flight: Now go we in content,

To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, and other
Lords, in the dress of Foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in
exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods

More free from peril than the envious court?

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,

The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,

Which when it bites and blows upon my body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—

This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your
grace,

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us
venison?

And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:* Then, being
alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; *this misery doth part
The flux of company:* Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; *Ay,* quoth Jaques,
*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?*
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this con-
templation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and com-
menting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place;

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, & Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible, that no man saw
them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasured of their mis-
tress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom
so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gal-
lant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master?—O, my
gentle master,

O, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and
valiant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony prizer of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother: yet the son—
Yet not the son;—I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he
means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:

I overheard him, and his practices.

This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,

Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown;

Take that: and he that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;

All this I give you: Let me be your servant:

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;

I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat but for promotion;

And having that, do choke their service up

Even with the having: it is not so with thee.

But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,

That cannot so much as a blossom yield,

In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:

But come thy ways, we'll go along together;

And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,

We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—

From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;

But at fourscore, it is too late a week:

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,

Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA drest like a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and

hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knewst how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

But if thy love were ever like to mine,

(As sure I think did never man love so,)

How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:

If thou rememberst not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not broke from company,

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not loved: O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit SILVIUS.*]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopp'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers: but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakst wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,

If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say:—

Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,

And fairs for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:

But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little reckes to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here
but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like
this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Under the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I
can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel
sucks eggs: More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza: Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

*Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see*

No enemy,

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

*If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me,
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to Ami.*

Ami. What's that *duc ad me*?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end:

I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou lookst cheerily: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The same.*

A Table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast.

For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, comp'act of jars, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 Lord. He saves my labor by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,

A motley fool;—a miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun, And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

Good morrow, fool, quoth I: *No, sir,* quoth he, *Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:*

And then he drew a dial from his poke;

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*

Thus may we see, quoth he, *how the world wags:*

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;

And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,

And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,

That fools should be so deep-contemplative;

And I did laugh, sans intermission,

An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;

And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,

They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq.

It is my only suit;

Provided, that you weed your better judgments Of all opinion that grows rank in them,

That I am wise. I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:

And they that are most galled with my folly,

They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?

The *why* is plain as way to parish church:

He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,

The wise man's folly is anatomized

Even by the squandering glances of the fool.

Invest me in my motley: give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,

If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin;

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

As sensual as the brutish sting itself;

And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,

That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,

Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,

That can therein tax any private party?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the very very means do ebb?

What woman in the city do I name,

When that I say, The city-woman bears

The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,

When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function,

That says, his bravery is not on my cost,

(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then; How, what then? Let me see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,

Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,

Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,

That in civility thou seemst so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture: But forbear, I say;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here:
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first sufficed,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—

I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort! *[Exit.]*

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,

Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;

In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you

As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS sings.

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly,
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That loved your father: The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is:
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.

Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call
thine,

Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in
this!

I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him
out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my
love:

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,
survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth
sway.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;

That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself,
it is a good life; but in respect that it is a
shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it
is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect
that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in
respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well;
but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious.
As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor
well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it
goes much against my stomach. Hast any
philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more

one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that
he that wants money, means, and content, is
without three good friends:—That the property
of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good
pasture makes fat sheep: and that a great cause
of the night, is lack of the sun: That he that
hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may
complain of good breeding, or comes of a very
dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.
Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-
roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court,
thou never sawst good manners; if thou never
sawst good manners, then thy manners must be
wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is dam-
nation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are
good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in
the country, as the behaviour of the country is
most mockable at the court. You told me, you
salute not at the court, but you kiss your
hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if
courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes;
and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtiers' hands
sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as
wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow,
shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner.
Shallow, again: A more sounder instance,
come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the
surgery of our sheep: And would you have us
kiss tar? The courtiers' hands are perfumed
with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat,
in respect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed!—
Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a
baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux
of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll
rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help
thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!
thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I
eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy
no man's happiness; glad of other men's good,
content with my harm: and the greatest of
my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my
lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lined,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

*If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses: Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten e'er you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. Why should this desert silent be?

*For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.*

VOL. I.

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence' end,

Will I Rosalinda write;

Teaching all that read, to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore heaven nature charged

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide enlarged:

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart;

Cleopatra's majesty;

Atalanta's better part;

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts,

By heavenly synod was devised;

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,

To have the touches dearest prized.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,

And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now, back-friends?—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt CORIN & TOUCH.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you color?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Y

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery. I prithee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace; I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou sawst him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringst me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

[CELIA and ROSALIND retire.]

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[Exit JAQ.—CEL. & ROS. come forward.]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid,

between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here, in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having

in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love, to a living humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JACQUES at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will

fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house! [*Aside.*]

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou swearst to me, thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favor'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool! [*Aside.*]

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*]

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so;—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master *What ye call't*: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay, pray be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aside.*]

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey; We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behi' thee;

But—Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding wi' thee.

[*Exeunt JAQ. TOUCH. and AUDREY.*]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before a Cottage.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's; marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. P'faith, his hair is of a good color.

Cel. An excellent color: your chesnut was ever the only color.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer: but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man, he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired

After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:

Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accusom'd sight of death
makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tellst me, there is murder in mine eye:

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,

That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest
things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—

Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee:

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;

Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in
thee:

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,

The cicatrice and capable impressure

Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine
eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not:

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes

That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,

If ever, (as that ever may be near,)

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of
fancy,

Then shall you know the wounds invisible

That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time
comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;

As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*]

Who might be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once,

Over the wretched? What though you have
more beauty,

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you

Than without candle may go dark to bed,)

Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you, than in the ordinary

Of nature's sale-work:—O, my little life!

I think she means to tangle my eyes too:—

No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;

'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk-hair,

Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,

That can entame my spirits to your worship.—

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow
her,

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?

You are a thousand times a properer man,

Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,

That make the world full of ill-favor'd children:

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;

And out of you she sees herself more proper,

Than any of her lineaments can show her.—

But, mistress, know yourself; down on your
knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets;
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd:—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together;

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me, For I am falser than vows made in wine: Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, sister:—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROS. CEL. and CORIN.*]

Phe. Dear shepherd!—now I find thy saw of might;

Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what sayst thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to me ere while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;

'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:

He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

He is not tall: yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little ripper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference

Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet,
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: Wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy,

which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects: and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to

have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. *[Exit.]*

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head: a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is in no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humor, and like enough to consent: What would you say to me now, an I were your very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayst thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—*Will you, Orlando,—*

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they

are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry: I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu! [Exit ORLANDO.]

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Another part of the Forest.

Enter JAQUES, and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror: and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. *What shall he have that kill'd the deer?*
2. *His leather skin and horns to wear.*

1. Then sing him home:

Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born;

1. Thy father's father wore it;

2. And thy father bore it.

All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The Forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth:—My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

[Giving a letter.]

I know not the contents; but as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that she could not
love me,

Were man as rare as phoenix: O! 's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,

And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-color'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and cruel style,
A style for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear
the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant
writes.

*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, [Reads.
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?*

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?*

Did you ever hear such railing?—

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—*

Meaning me a beast.—

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no
pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What,
to make thee an instrument, and play false
strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well,
go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made
thee a tame snake,) and say this to her;—That
if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if
she will not, I will never have her, unless
thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover,
hence, and not a word; for here comes more
company. [Exit SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if
you know

Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenced about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neigh-
bour bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:

But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I should know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: *The boy is fair,
Of female favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother.* Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin: Are you he?

Ros. I am: What must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted
from you,

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with
age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like
watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother;

And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and pur-
posed so:

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescued?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill
him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed;
As, how I came into that desert place;—
In brief he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood; unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet
Ganymede? [ROSALIND faints.]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on
blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—cousin—Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body
would think this was well counterfeited: I pray
you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.
—Heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too
great testimony in your complexion, that it
was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and coun-
terfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but i'faith, I should have been
a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray
you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray
you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—
Will you go? [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; pa-
tience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for
all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a
most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a
youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no inte-
rest in me in the world; here comes the man
you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a
clown: By my troth, we that have good wits,
have much to answer for; we shall be flouting;
we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy
head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered.
How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i' the forest
here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. *Thank God*;—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very ex-
cellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so.
Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayst well. I do now re-

member a saying; *The fool doth think he is
wise, but the wise man knows himself to be
a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he
had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips
when he put it into his mouth; meaning
thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips
to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: To have, is to
have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink,
being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling
the one doth empty the other: for all your
writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you
are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman:
Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in
the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the
boorish is, company,—of this female,—which
in the common is,—woman, which together is,
abandon the society of this female; or, clown,
thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding,
diest; to wit, I kill thee, make thee away,
translate thy life into death, thy liberty into
bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in
bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee
in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I
will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; there-
fore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [Exit.]

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you;
come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thrasonical brag of—*I came, saw, and overcame*: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you

should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in this art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakst thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study, To seem spiteful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;— And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;— And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all made of wishes; All adoration, duty and observance, All humbleness, all patience, and impatience, All purity, all trial, all observance;— And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To ROSALIND.*]

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To PHEBE.*]

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. To her, that is no here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [*To SILVIUS*] if I can.—I would love you, [*To PHEBE*] if I could.—To-morrow

meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To PHEBE*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*To ORLANDO*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*To SILVIUS*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To ORLANDO*] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*To SILVIUS*] love Phebe, meet: And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here comes two of the banish'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

*It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty rank
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

II.

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.*

III.

*This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.*

IV.

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.*

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you: and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the Forest.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy

Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

[*To the DUKE.*]

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To ORLANDO.*]

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To PHEBE.*]

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will? [*To SILVIUS.*]

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me; Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her, If she refuse me:—and from hence I go, To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a brother to your daughter; But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born; And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have

so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the *Quip modest*. If, again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is call'd the *Reply churlish*. If, again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If, again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*: and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the *Retort courteous*; the second, the *Quip modest*; the third, the *Reply churlish*; the fourth, the *Reproof valiant*; the fifth, the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; the sixth, the *Lie with circumstance*; the seventh, the *Lie direct*. All these you may avoid, but the *Lie direct*: and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so,*

then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes; and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even,
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou mightst join her hand with
his
Whose heart within her bosom is.*

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours:—
[To DUKE S.]

To you I give myself, for I am yours:—
[To ORLANDO.]

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
[To DUKE S.]

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—
[To ORLANDO.]

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she:—
[To PHEBE.]

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:
[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.]

You and you are heart in heart:
[To OLIVER and CELIA.]

You [To PHEBE] to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,
[To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.]

As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning:
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high honor and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!*

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

[To SILVIUS.]

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two;

I am the second son of old sir Rowland, That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:— Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day Men of great worth resorted to this forest, Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot, In his own conduct, purposely to take His brother here, and put him to the sword: And to the skirts of this wild wood he came; Where, meeting with an old religious man, After some question with him, was converted Both from his enterprise, and from the world: His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother, And all their lands restored to them again That were with him exiled: This to be true, I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man; Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding: To one, his lands withheld; and to the other, A land itself at large, a potent dukedom. First, in this forest, let us do those ends That here were well begun, and well begot: And after, every of this happy number, That have endured shrewd days and nights with us, Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states. Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,

And fall into our rustic revelry:—

Play, music;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience; If I heard you rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life,

And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—

You to your former honor I bequeath;

[To DUKE S.]

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—

You [To ORLANDO] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—

You [To OLIVER] to your land, and love, and great allies;—

You [To SILVIUS] to a long and well deserved bed;—

And you [To TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleasures;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit.]

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,

And we do trust they'll end in true delights. [A dance.]

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I

charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please them: and so I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive, by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [Exeunt.]

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Persons represented.

King of France.

Duke of Florence.

BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.

LAFEU, an old Lord.

PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.

*Several young French Lords, that serve
with Bertram in the Florentine war.*

*STEWARDS, } servants to the Countess of
CLOWNS, } Rousillon.*

A PAGE.

Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram.

*HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the
Countess.*

An old widow of Florence.

DIANA, daughter to the widow.

*VIOLENTA, } neighbours and friends to the
MARIANA, } widow.*

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c. French and Florentine.

SCENE,—partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rousillon. *A Room in the
Countess's Palace.*

*Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS of Rousil-
lon, HELENA, & LAFEU, in mourning.*

Count. In delivering my son from me, I
bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my
father's death anew: but I must attend his
majesty's command, to whom I am now in
ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband,
madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so gene-
rally is at all times good, must of necessity
hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness
would stir it up where it wanted, rather than
lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's
amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians,
madam; under whose practices he hath per-
secuted time with hope; and finds no other
advantage in the process but only the losing of
hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a
father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!)
whose skill was almost as great as his honesty;
had it stretched so far, would have made
nature immortal, and death should have play,
for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake,
he were living! I think it would be the death
of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of,
madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profes-
sion, and it was his great right to be so; Gerard
de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the

king very lately spoke of him, admiringly,
and mourningly: he was skilful enough to
have lived still, if knowledge could be set up
against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king lan-
guishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was
this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de
Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and be-
queathed to my overlooking. I have those
hopes of her good, that her education pro-
mises: her dispositions she inherits, which
make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean
mind carries virtuous qualities, there com-
mendations go with pity, they are virtues and
traitors too; in her they are the better for
their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and
achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from
her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can sea-
son her praise in. The remembrance of her
father never approaches her heart, but the
tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood
from her cheek. No more of this, Helena: go
to, no more; lest it be rather thought you
affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have
it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of
the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the
living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief,
the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more
will,

That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck
down,

Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [Exit COUNTESS.]

Ber. The best wishes, that can be forged in
your thoughts, [To HELENA] be servants to
you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mis-
tress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold
the credit of your father.

[Exit BERTRAM and LAFEU.]

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my
father;

And these great tears grace his remembrance
more

Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favor in it, but Bertram's.

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:

In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a
plague,

To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favor:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

[Enter PAROLLES.]

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft
we see

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier

in you; let me ask you a question: Man is
enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it
against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity,
though valiant in the defence, yet is weak:
unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before
you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from under-
miners, and blowers up!—Is there no military
policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will
quicker be blown up: marry, in blowing him
down again, with the breach yourselves made,
you lose your city. It is not politic in the
commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity.
Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there
was never virgin got, till virginity was first
lost. That, you were made of, is metal to
make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost,
may be ten times found: by being ever kept,
it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away
with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though there-
fore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis
against the rule of nature. To speak on the
part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers;
which is most infallible disobedience. He,
that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity mur-
ders itself; and should be buried in highways,
out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offen-
dress against nature. Virginity breeds mites,
much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very
paring, and so dies with feeding his own sto-
mach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud,
idle, made of self-love, which is the most in-
hibited sin in the canon. Keep it not: you
cannot choose but lose by't: Out with't:
within ten years it will make itself ten, which
is a goodly increase; and the principal itself
not much the worse: Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her
own liking?

Par. Let me see; Marry, ill, to like him that
ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the
gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less
worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer
the time of request. Virginity, like an old
courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly
suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and
tooth-pick, which wear not now: Your date
is better in your pie and your porridge, than
in your cheek: And your virginity, your old
virginity, is like one of our French withered
pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly: marry, 'tis a
withered pear; it was formerly better; marry,
yet, 'tis a withered pear: Will you any thing
with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;

His humble ambition, prond humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he —
I know not what he shall:—God send him
well!—

The court's a learning-place;—and he is one —

Par. What one, i' faith!

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity——

Par. What's pity!

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which
never

Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for
you. [Exit.]

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can re-
member thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born un-
der a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that
you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you
fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes
the safety: But the composition, that your
valor and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a
good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of business, I cannot an-
swer thee acutely: I will return perfect cour-
tier; in the which, my instruction shall serve
to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of
a courtier's counsel, and understand what
advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest
in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance
makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast
leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none,
remember thy friends: get thee a good hus-
band, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell.
[Exit.]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?

The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[Exit.]

SCENE II. Paris. A Room in the King's
Palace.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the King of France,
with letters; Lords and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the
ears;

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here re-
ceive it

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the count Rousillon, my good
lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bearest thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral
parts

Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness
now,

As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First try'd our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplined of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honor.

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness: if they were,
His equal had awaked them; and his honor,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below
him

He used as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,

Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them
now

But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would
always say,
(Methinks I hear him now; his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)—*Let me not
live,—*

Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—*let me not live*, quoth he,
*After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of youngerspirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judg-
ments are*

*Mere fathers of their garments; whose con-
stancies*

*Expire before their fashions:—*This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some laborers room.

2 Lord. You are loved, sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long
is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

Exeunt.—Flourish.

SCENE III. Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of
this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even
your content, I wish might be found in the
calendar of my past endeavours; for then we
wound our modesty, and make foul the clear-
ness of our deservings, when of ourselves we
publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you
gone, sirrah: The complaints, I have heard of
you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that
I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to
commit them, and have ability enough to make
such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am
a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am
poor; though many of the rich are damned:
But, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to
go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will
do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service
is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have
the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body;
for, they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt
marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am
driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go,
that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons,
such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature,
as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed,
I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wick-
edness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope
to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; e'en great
friends; for the knaves come to do that for
me, which I am a-weary of. He, that ears my
land, spares my team, and gives me leave to
inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my
drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the
cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that che-
rishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and
blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my
friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my
friend. If men could be contented to be what
they are, there were no fear in marriage; for
young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam
the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are severed
in religion, their heads are both one, they may
joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and
calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the
truth the next way:

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you
more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid
Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would
speak with her: Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,

[Singing.]

*Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy.
With that she sighed as she stood,*

*With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.*

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth 'a! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen to come hither.

[*Exit CLOWN.*]

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransome afterward: This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit STEWARD.*]

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:

If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:

By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honorable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother.
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds;
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-color'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honor'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; Would
you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my
brother,)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our
mothers,

I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister: Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;

God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and
mother,

So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis
gross,

You love my son; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, one to the other: and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected: Speak, is't so?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a
bond,

Whereof the world takes note: come, come,
disclose

The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is loved of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honor cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak
truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth: by grace itself, I swear.

You know, my father left me some prescrip-
tions

Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the
rest,

There is a remedy, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishes, whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of
this;

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;
They, that they cannot help: How shall they
credit

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the
greatest

Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would
your honor

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my
leave and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Paris. A Room in the King's
Palace.

Flourish. Enter KING, with young Lords
taking leave for the Florentine war;
BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord, these warlike
principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord,
farewell:—

Share the advice betwixt you: if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. It is our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my
heart

Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young
lords;

Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,) see, that you come
Not to woo honor, but to wed it; when

The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,

That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them; They say, our French lack language to deny, If they demand: beware of being captives, Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[The KING retires to a couch.

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark——

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;

Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, Till honor be bought up, and no sword worn, But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honor in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 Lord. Farewell, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [Exeunt Lords.] What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—— [Seeing him rise.

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords: you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [Exeunt BER. & PAR.

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [Kneeling.] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man

Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you

Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, across: But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cured Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will, My noble grapes, an if my royal fox Could reach them: I have seen a medicine, That's able to breathe life into a stone; Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary, With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch

Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay, To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand, And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she: My lord, there's one arrived, If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honor,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts In this my light deliverance, I have spoke With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession, Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her,

(For that is her demand,) and know her business?

That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu, Bring in the admiration; that we with thee May spend our wonder too, or take off thine, By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you, And not be all day neither. [Exit LAFEU.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways: This is his majesty, say your mind to him: A traitor you do look like; but such traitors His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle, That dare leave two together; fare you well.

[Exit.

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was

My father; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;

Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one, Which, as the dearest issue of his practice, And of his old experience the only darling, He bad me store up, as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honor
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded
That laboring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady

To empirics; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd
grateful:

Thou thoughtst to help me; and such thanks
I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou knowst no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods
have flown

From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been
denied.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well,
kind maid;

Thy pains, not used, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what
space
Hopedst thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;

What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What darest thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduced by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit
doth speak;

His powerful sound, within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay

In common sense, sense saves another way.

Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate

Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all

That happiness and prime can happy call:

Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate

Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.

Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try;

That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;

And well deserved: Not helping, death's my
fee;

But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of
heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy
kingly hand,

What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance

To choose from forth the royal blood of France;

My low and humble name to propagate

With any branch or image of thy state:

But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know

Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises ob-
served,

Thy will by my performance shall be served;

So make the choice of thy own time; for I,

Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I must;

Though, more to know, could not be more to
trust;

From whence thou camest, how tended on,—

But rest

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—

Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed

As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rousillon. A Room in the
Countess's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you
to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly
taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make
you special, when you put off that with such
contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir,—There's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, at your whipping, and *spare not me*? Indeed, your *O Lord, sir*, is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, sir*: I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business: Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back: Commend me to my kinsmen and my son: This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right: as 'twere, a man assured of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—What do you call there?—

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court. *[Exit an Attendant.]*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd
sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful
parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's
voice

I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to
forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous
mistress
Fall, when love please!—marry, to each, but
one!

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these
boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restored the king to
health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven
for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein
wealthiest,

That, I protest, I simply am a maid;—
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but,
be refused,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my
suit?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than
throw amēs-ace for my life.

Hel. The honor, sir, that flames in your fair
eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons
of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would
send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid *[To a Lord]* that I your
hand should take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll
none have her: sure they are bastards to the
English; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and
too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy
father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an
ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known
thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; *[To BER-*
TRAM] but I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her,
she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech
your highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Knowst thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry
her.

King. Thou knowst she has raised me from
my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdainst in her,
the which

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of color, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty: If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things pro-
ceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honor; that is honor's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honor's born,
And is not like the sire: Honors best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honor'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower: honor and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrongst thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I am glad;

Let the rest go.

King. My honor's at the stake; which to defeat,

I must produce my power: Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert: that canst not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam: that wilt not know,

It is in us to plant thine honor, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:

Obeys our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;

Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,

Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honor,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favor of the king,
Smile upon this contract: whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt KING, BERTRAM, HELENA,
Lords, and Attendants.*]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language, I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the count Roussillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [Exit.]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part

where thy nose stands. By mine honor, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords, and honorable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit.]

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits

The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honor in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable: we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.—'Tis hard;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter HELENA and CLOWN.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health; she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on: and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—Madam, my lord will go away to-night; A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off by a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewn with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,

Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Another Room in the same.**Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

Laf. But, I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valor; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir.

[*To BERTRAM.*]

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to PAR.*]

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,—
And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*]

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,

Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave

For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not color with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office

On my particular: prepared I was not

For such a business; therefore am I found

So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat
you,

That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:

For my respects are better than they seem;

And my appointments have in them a need,

Greater than shows itself at the first view,

To you that know them not. This to my
mother. [*Giving a letter.*]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so

I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,

But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:

My haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;

Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—no-
thing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would: my lord—
'faith, yes;—

Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to
horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good
my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—

Farewell. [*Exit HELENA.*]

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the
drum:—

Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Florish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two French Lords, and others.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honors that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;

When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Florish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing; I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*]

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*]

Count. [*Reads.*] *I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favors of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your son was run away. [*Exit CLOWN.*]

Enter HELENA, and two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't:—Where is my son, I pray you?

2 Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:

We met him thitherward; from thence we came,

And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.

[*Reads.*] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a then I write a never.*

This is a dreadful sentence!

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gent.

Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer; If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine, Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son; But I do wash his name out of my blood, And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 Gent. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't, The duke will lay upon him all the honor That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [Reads.] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

'Tis bitter!

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!

There's nothing here, that is too good for him, But only she; and she deserves a lord, That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

1 Gent. Indeed, good lady, The fellow has a deal of that, too much, Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen. I will entreat you, when you see my son, To tell him, that his sword can never win The honor that he loses: more I'll entreat you Written to bear along.

2 Gent. We serve you, madam, In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.

Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt* COUNTESS & Gentlemen.]

Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

Nothing in France, until he has no wife! Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France, Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I That chase thee from thy country, and expose Those tender limbs of thine to the event Of the none-sparing war? and is it I That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire, Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air, That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord! Whoever shoots at him, I set him there; Whoever charges on his forward breast, I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it; And, though I kill him not, I am the cause His death was so effected: better 'twere, I met the ravin lion when he roar'd With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere That all the miseries, which nature owes, Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,

Whence honor but of danger wins a scar, As oft it loses all; I will be gone: My being here it is, that holds thee hence: Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although The air of paradise did fan the house, And angels officed all: I will be gone; That pitiful rumour may report my flight, To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day! For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we, Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence,

Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake, To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth; And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm, As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day, Great Mars, I put myself into thy file: Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and STEWARD.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?

Might you not know, she would do as she has done,

By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim; thither gone;

Ambitious love hath so in me offended, That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon, With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that from the bloody course of war,

My dearest master, your dear son may hie; Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far, His name with zealous fervor sanctify:

*His taken labors bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to
live,*

*Where death and danger dog the heels of
worth:*

*He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.*

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her
mildest words!—

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she
writes,

Pursuit would be in vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to
hear,

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.

Despatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction: Provide this messenger:—

My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me
speak. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Without the Walls of Florence.*

*A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of
Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA,
and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach
the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done
most honorable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their
greatest commander; and that with his own
hand he slew the duke's brother. We have
lost our labor; they are gone a contrary way:
hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice
ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana,
take heed of this French earl: the honor of a
maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as
honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you
have been solicited by a gentleman his com-
panion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one
Parolles; a filthy officer he is in those sugges-

tions for the young earl.—Beware of them,
Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths,
tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not
the things they go under: many a maid hath
been seduced by them; and the misery is,
example, that so terrible shows in the wreck
of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade
succession, but that they are limed with the
twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not
to advise you further; but, I hope, your own
grace will keep you where you are, though
there were no further danger known, but the
modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pil-
grim: I know she will lie at my house: thither
they send one another: I'll question her.—
God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you
bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the
port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you!

[A march afar off.]

They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy
pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your
leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of
yours,

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rousillon; Know you such
a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly
of him:

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his
lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the
count,

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving

Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. A right good creature: wheresoe'er
she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might
do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honor of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Enter with drum and colors, a party of the
Florentine army, BERTRAM, & PAROLLES.*

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would he loved his wife; if he were honest,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome
gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest: Yond's that
same knave,
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is
he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something:
Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers,
and Soldiers.*]

Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I
will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques
bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Camp before Florence.*

*Enter BERTRAM, and the two French
Lords.*

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't:
let him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a
hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceived in
him?

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own
direct knowledge, without any malice; but to
speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most
notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an
hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one
good quality worthy your lordship's enter-
tainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, re-
posing too far in his virtue, which he hath not,
he might, at some great and trusty business, in
a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular
action to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off
his drum, which you hear him so confidently
undertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will
suddenly surprise him; such I will have,
whom, I am sure, he knows not from the
enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so,
that he shall suppose no other but that he is
carried into the leaguer of the adversaries,
when we bring him to our tents: Be but your
lordship present at his examination; if he do
not, for the promise of his life, and in the
highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray
you, and deliver all the intelligence in his
power against you, and that with the divine
forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my
judgment in any thing.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him
fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem
for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of
his success in't, and to what metal this coun-
terfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give
him not John Drum's entertainment, your in-
clining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder
not the humor of his design; let him fetch off
his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks
sorely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a
drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum
so lost!—There was an excellent command! to
charge in with our horse upon our own wings,
and to rend our own soldiers.

2 Lord. That was not to be blamed in the
command of the service; it was a disaster of
war that Cæsar himself could not have pre-
vented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our
success; some dishonor we had in the loss of
that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit
of service is seldom attributed to the true and

exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honor again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.]

1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't.

2 Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favor, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafau: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 Lord. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [Exit.]

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

2 Lord. But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters, which she did re-send;

And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA and WIDOW.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was
well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that, which well
approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos
your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
How'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall perséver,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs composed
To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves: for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Florentine Camp.*

Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge' corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers; the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*]

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord.* Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*]

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*]

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*]

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 *Lord.* Hardly serve. [*Aside.*]

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 *Lord.* How deep? [*Aside.*]

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*]

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I recovered it.

1 *Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*]

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*]

1 *Lord.* *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransome, ransome:—Do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*]

1 *Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment. And I shall lose my life for want of language: If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me, I will discover that which shall undo The Florentine.

1 *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—

Kerclybonto:—Sir,

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 *Sold.* O pray, pray, pray.—

Manka revania dulce.

1 *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorca.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;

And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee: haply, thou mayst inform Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live, And all the secrets of our camp I'll show, Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that

Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.—*

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*]

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves;—
Inform 'em that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!
I prithee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;

But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,

When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: Therefore, your oaths

Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts

That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so perséver.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes, in such affairs,

That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honor 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honor's such a ring;
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honor on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honor, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [*Exit.*]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!

You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,

When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,

Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Florentine Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since:
there is something in't that stings his nature;

for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord*. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord*. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord*. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord*. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honor: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord*. Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord*. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord*. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord*. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord*. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord*. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord*. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord*. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord*. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord*. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord*. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord*. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord*. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord*. How is this justified?

1 *Lord*. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord*. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord*. Ay, and the particular confirma-

tions, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord*. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord*. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord*. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valor hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord*. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord*. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord*. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord*. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord*. Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord*. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord*. His confession is taken, and it shall

be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes!—*Porto tarta-rossa.*

1 Sold. He calls for the tortures; What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 Sold. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 Sold. You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 Sold. *First demand of him, how many horse the duke is strong?* What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. *Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.* What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valor, honesty and expertness in wars: or whether he thinks, it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.* What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: Demand them singly.

1 Sold. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child: a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

[DUMAIN lifts up his hand in anger.]

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine: and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o' the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper: Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

1 Sold. *Dian, The count's a fool, and full of gold,—*

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favor.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 Sold. *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*

After he scores, he never pays the score: Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;

*And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,*

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature; let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valor: What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honor to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honor I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 Sold. What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

1 Sold. What's he?

Par. Ev'n a crow of the same nest; not alto-

gether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? *[Aside.*

1 Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use: therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. *[Unmuffling him.*

So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you: but fare you well. *[Exeunt BERTRAM, Lords, &c.*

1 Sold. You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. *[Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this: Captain, I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live }
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! }
There's place, and means, for every man alive. }
I'll after them. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis
needful,

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel :
 Time was, I did him a desired office,
 Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude
 Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
 And answer, thanks : I duly am inform'd,
 His grace is at Marseilles ; to which place
 We have convenient convoy. You must know,
 I am supposed dead : the army breaking,
 My husband hies him home ; where, heaven
 aiding,

And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labor
To recompense your love: doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
 Go with your impositions, I am yours
 Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—
But with the word, the time will bring on summer.

When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the
crown;

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTRESS, LAFEU, *and* CLOWN.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there; whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his color: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady:

we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light
on such another herb.

Clc. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

C/o. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sanciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised

me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honorable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honor; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Marseilles. A Street.

Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But, since you have made the days and nights
as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,

Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence removed last night, and with more
haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means
unfit.—

I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—
Go, go, provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rousillon. The inner Court of the Countess's Palace.

Enter CLOWN and PAROLLES.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but slut-tish, if it smell so strong as thou speakst of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's but-tering. Prithee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prithee, stand away; A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit CLOWN.*]

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honor, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't: save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Florish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege: And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth: When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honor'd lady,

I have forgiven and forgotten all; Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,— But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive; Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,

Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost, Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;—

We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill All repetition:—Let him not ask our pardon; The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion do we bury The incensing relics of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him, So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me, That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season, For thou mayst see a sun-shine and a hail In me at once: But to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth, The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames, Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole; Not one word more of the consumed time. Let's take the instant by the forward top; For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees The inaudible and noiseless foot of time Steals ere we can effect them: You remember The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue: Where the impression of mine eye infixing, Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me, Which warp'd the line of every other favor; Scorn'd a fair color, or express'd it stolen; Extended or contracted all proportions, To a most hideous object: Thence it came, That she, whom all men praised, and whom myself, Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused;

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores
away

From the great compt: But love, that comes
too late,

Like a remorseful pardon, slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash
faults

Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their
dust:

Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.

Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget
her.

Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll
stay

To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear
heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
name

Must be digested, give a favor from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old
beard,

And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine
eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine: and, when I gave it
Helen,

I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to
reave her

Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived, my lord, she never
saw it:

In Florence was it from a casement thrown
me,

Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and
thought

I stood engaged: but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honor
As she had made the overture, she ceased,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,

That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,

Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas
Helen's,

Whoever gave it you: Then if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforce-
ment

You got it from her: she call'd the saints to
surety,

That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,

(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speakst it falsely, as I love mine
honor;

And makest conjectural fears to come into
me,

Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove
so;—

And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her
deadly,

And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[*Guards seize BERTRAM.*]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with
him;

We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.

[*Exit BERTRAM, guarded.*]

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know
not;

Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and
speech

Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*] Upon his many protesta-
tions to marry me, when his wife was dead,
I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count
Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited
to me, and my honor's paid to him. He stole
from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow
him to his country for justice: Grant it me,
O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a
seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is
undone.

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair,
and toll him: for this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on
thee, Lafen,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these
suitors:—

Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gentleman, & some Attendants.*
*I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.*

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters
to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lord-
ship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's
that?

*Re-enter Gentleman, with WIDOW, and
DIANA.*

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet:
My snit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and
honor
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; Do you know
these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me
further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your
wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are
mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry
me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation [*To BERTRAM*] comes
too short for my daughter; you are no hus-
band for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate
creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let
your highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honor,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them
ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your
honor,

Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What sayst thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were
so,

He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his
wife:

That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and de-
bosh'd:

Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is, I liked
her,

And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;
You that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his
of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being
a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw
it him

Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was
hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honorable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowst?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine in thy evidence: therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;

To prison with her: and away with him.—

Unless thou tellst me where thou hadst this ring,

Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty; He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't: I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*]

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir; [Exit WIDOW.]

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for, And he shall surety me. But for this lord, Who hath abused me, as he knows himself, Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:

He knows himself my bed he hath defiled; And at that time he got his wife with child: Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;

So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick: And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter WIDOW, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist. Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord; 'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see, The name, and not the thing.

Per. Both, both: O, pardon!

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid, I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,

And, look you, here's your letter: This it says, *When from my finger you can get this ring, And are by me with child, &c.*—This is done: Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,

I'll love her dearly; ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue, Deadly divorce step between me and you!

O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—Good Tom Drum, [*To PAROLLES*] lend me a handkerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow:

If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
 Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy
 dower;
 For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
 Thou keptst a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
 Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
 Resolvedly more leisure shall express;
 All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,
 The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
 [Florish.]

Advancing.

*The King's a beggar now the play is done:
 All is well ended, if this suit be won,
 That you express content; which we will pay,
 With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
 Ours be your patience then, and yours our
 parts;
 Your gentle hands lend us, and take our
 hearts.* [Exeunt.]

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Persons represented.

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a drunken tinker.*

Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other servants attending on the Lord.

} *Persons
in the In-
duction.*

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*

VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*

LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

PETRUCHIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.*

GREMIO, } *suitors to Bianca.*

HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, *servant to Lucentio.*

BIONDELLO, *servant to Lucentio.*

GRUMIO, } *servants to Petruchio.*

CURTIS, }

PEDANT, *an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

KATHARINA, *the Shrew,* } *daughters to*

BIANCA, *her sister,* } *Baptista.*

Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

Scene, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter HOSTESS and SLY.

Sly. I'll phreeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough. *[Exit.]*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.]

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd, And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge corner in the coldest fault?

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;

He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent: Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet, I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

But sup them well, and look unto them all;

To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk?

See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed, Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed, And brave attendants near him when he wakes;

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:

Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodgings sweet:

Procure me music ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound:

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight.

And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honor will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper;
And say,—Will't please your lordship cool
your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is,—say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play
our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with
him;

And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—
[*Exit Servant.*

Belike, some noble gentleman; that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honor,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *Play.* We thank your honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept
our duty?

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I
remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so
well:

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think 'twas Soto that your honor
means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it ex-
cellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honor never heard a play,)

You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain
ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,

[*To a Servant.*

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's
chamber,

And call him—madam, do him obeisance,
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
He bear himself with honorable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy:

And say,—What is't your honor will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting
kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who, for twice seven years, hath esteem'd him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift:
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—

[*Exit Servant.*

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from
laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber in the Lord's
House.*

*SLY is discovered in a rich night-gown, with
Attendants; some with apparel, others with
bason, ewer, and other appurtenances.*
Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a
cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honor taste of these
conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honor wear
to-day?

Sly. I am Christopher Sly; call not me—
honor, nor lordship: I never drank sack in
my life; and if you give me any conserves,
give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me
what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more
doublets than backs, no more stockings than
legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, some-

times, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humor in your honor!

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: Here's —

1 Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 Serv. O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Music.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 Serv. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid;

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood;

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord; and have I such a lady;
Or do I dream; or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 Serv. Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands;

[*Servants present an ewer, bason, & napkin.*
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!

O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Serv. O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,

Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.

Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?

My men should call me—lord; I am your good man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd and slept Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or, if not so, until the sun be set:

For your physicians have expressly charged,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honor's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy, For so your doctors hold it very meet; Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy, Therefore they thought it good you hear a play, And frame your mind to mirth and merriment, Which bars a thousands harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commony a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. [They sit down.]

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. A public Place.

Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,— I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy, The pleasant garden of great Italy; And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd With his good will and thy good company, Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all; Here let us breathe, and happily institute A course of learning and ingenious studies. Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, Gave me my being, and my father first, A merchant of great traffic through the world, Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.

Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence, It shall become, to serve all hopes conceived, To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds: And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study, Virtue, and that part of philosophy Will I apply, that treats of happiness By virtue 'specially to be achieved. Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left, And am to Padua come: as he that leaves A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep, And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine, I am in all affected as yourself.

Glad that you thus continue your resolve, To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.

Only, good master, while we do admire

This virtue, and this moral discipline,

Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;

Or so devote to Aristotle's cheeks,

As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured;

Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,

And practise rhetoric in your common talk:

Music and poesy use to quicken you;

The mathematics, and the metaphysics, Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:— In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore, We could at once put us in readiness; And take a lodging fit to entertain Such friends as time in Padua shall beget. But stay awhile: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further, For how I firmly am resolved you know; That is—not to bestow my youngest daughter, Before I have a husband for the elder: If either of you both love Katharina, Because I know you well, and love you well, Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:—

There, there Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, [To BAP.] is it your will

To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;

I wis, it is not half way to her heart:

But if it were, doubt not her care should be

To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! 'tis best

Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books, and instruments, shall be my company;

On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak. *[Aside.]*

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange? Sorry am I, that our good will effects

Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up, Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell, And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved:—

Go in, Bianca.

[Exit BIANCA.]

And for I know, she taketh most delight

In music, instruments, and poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,

Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,

Or, signior Gremio, you,—know any such,

Prefer them hither; for to cunning men

I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing up;

And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;

For I have more to commune with Bianca.

[Exit.]

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too: May I not?

What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,

I knew not what to take and what to leave?

Ha!

[Exit.]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell.—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice,

it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labor and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Thinkst thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. *[Exit GREMIO and HORTENSIO.]*

Tra. *[Advancing.]* I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible, or likely; But see! while idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness:

And now in plainness do confess to thee,—

That art to me as secret, and as dear,

As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,

If I achieve not this young modest girl;

Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;

Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now; Affection is not rated from the heart:

If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—

Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such as the daughter of Agenor had,

That made great love to humble him to her hand, When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more; mark'd you not, how her sister

Began to scold; and raise up such a storm, That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from
his trance.

I pray awake, sir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus
it stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home:
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis
plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is; May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: For who shall bear your
part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his
friends;

Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man, or master: then it follows thus:—
'Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.

'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my color'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.

[*They exchange habits.*]

In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For so your father charged me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he;
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense;)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded
eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have
you been?

Bio. Where have I been? Nay, how now,
where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes?
Or you stolen his? or both? pray what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: Would I were so
too!

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next
wish after,—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
daughter.

But sirrah,—not for my sake, but your mas-
ter's,—I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
companies:

When I am alone, why then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask
me why,—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.
[*Exeunt.*]

1 Serv. *My lord, you nod; you do not mind
the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good
matter, surely: Comes there any more of it?*

Page. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work,
madam lady: Would 'twere done!*

SCENE II. *The same. Before Hortensio's
House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is
there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what
am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's
pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I
should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah!
villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto, Molto honorato signo mio Petruchio.*

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,

Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain—Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?

And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:

Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you; Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale

Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,

To seek their fortunes further than at home, Where small experience grows. But, in a few, Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—

Antonio, my father, is deceased; And I have thrust myself into this maze, Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may: Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favor'd wife? Thoud'st thank me but a little for my counsel: And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich, And very rich:—But thou'rt too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio; 'twixt such friends as we

Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife, (As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,) Be she as foul as was Florentius' love, As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd

As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse, She moves me not, or not removes, at least, Affection's edge in me; were she as rough As are the swelling Adriatic seas: I come to wive it wealthily in Padua; If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus far in,

I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife

With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;

Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:

Her only fault (and that is faults enough,) Is,—that she is intolerably curst,

And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,

That, were my state far worser than it is,

I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou knowst not gold's effect:

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;

For I will board her, though she chide as loud As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,

An affable and courteous gentleman:

Her name is Katharina Minola,

Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;

And he knew my deceased father well:

I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;

And therefore let me be thus bold with you,

To give you over at this first encounter,

Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;

For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:

He hath the jewel of my life in hold,

His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,

And her withholds from me, and other more

Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:

Supposing it a thing impossible,

(For those defects I have before rehearsed,) That ever Katharina will be wooed;

Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;—

That none shall have access unto Bianca,

Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!

A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;

And offer me, disguised in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO; with him LUCENTIO disguised, with books under his arm.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—

Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[*They retire.*]

Gre. O, very well; I have perused the note. Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound: All books of love, see that at any hand; And see you read no other lectures to her: You understand me;—Over and beside Signior Baptista's liberality, I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,

And let me have them very well perfumed; For she is sweeter than perfume itself, To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,

As for my patron, (stand you so assured,) As firmly as yourself were still in place: Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning; what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you,

Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promised to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

On this young man; for learning and behaviour, Fit for her turn; well read in poetry

And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman, Hath promised me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, I'll tell you news indifferent good for either. Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katharine; Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold;

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No! sayst me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son: My father dead, my fortune lives for me:

And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:

But, if you have a stomach, to't o'God's name, You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aside.*]

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to the ear

As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none. [*Aside.*]

Gre. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arrived,

My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors, And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner. [*Aside.*]

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled; and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't [*Aside to TRANIO.*] he you mean?

Tra. Even he. Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, sir; You mean nother to—

Tra. Perhaps him and her, sir; What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir; at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir:—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free

For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,—
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove
a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these
words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth:
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed:

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows,
let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it
so;—

Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong
yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee,
tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest; Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows
this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside:—poor girl! she weeps;—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong
thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be re-
venged. [*Flies after BIANCA.*]

Bap. What, in my sight!—Bianca, get thee
in. [*Exit BIANCA.*]

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit
of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HOR-
TENSIO as a Musician; and TRANIO, with
BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio: give me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.]

Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake:

But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [*Presenting* LUCENTIO.] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*To* TRANIO.] methinks you walk like a stranger; May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;

That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:

This liberty is all that I request,—

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favor as the rest.

And toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
Take you [*To* HOR.] the lute, and you [*To* LUC.] the set of books,

You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,

These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit* Servant, with HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, and BIONDELLO.]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,

And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased;
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:

And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:

Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,

That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head braken.

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier; Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she: *I'll fume with them:*

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And—twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:

O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;

Or, shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, and HORTENSIO.*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say, that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:

But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)—
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither,

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
For knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buzz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet.

Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath.

That I'll try.

[*Striking him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertainst thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keepst command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,) Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio: How speed you with My daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine; in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me, daughter? now I promise you,

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus:—yourself and all the world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:

For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn:
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:

And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,

That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;

I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:—

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;

And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE, severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;

I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,

That can assure my daughter greatest dower, Shall have Bianca's love—

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold; Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands; My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:

In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;

In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,

Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,

Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,

Pewter and brass, and all things that belong

To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,

Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable to this portion.

Myself am struck in years, I must confess;

And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,

If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in.—Sir, list to me:

I am my father's heir, and only son:

If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I'll leave her houses three or four as good,

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

Old signior Gremio has in Padua;

Besides two thousand ducats by the year,

Offruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—

What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!

My land amounts not to so much in all:

That she shall have; besides an argosy,

That now is lying in Marseilles' road:—

What, have I choked you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less

Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,

And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,

And twice as much, whate'er thou offerst next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;

And she can have no more than all I have;—

If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,

By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;

And, let your father make her the assurance,

She is your own; else, you must pardon me:

If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolved:—On Sunday next, you know,

My daughter Katharine is to be married:

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;

If not, to signior Gremio:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

[*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool

To give thee all, and, in his waning age,

Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my master good:

I see no reason, but supposed Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd—supposed Vincentio;

And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,

Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is

The patroness of heavenly harmony:

Then give me leave to have prerogative;

And when in music we have spent an hour,

Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd!

Was it not to refresh the mind of man,

After his studies, or his usual pain?

Then give me leave to read philosophy,

And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,

To strive for that which resteth in my choice:

I am no breeching scholar in the schools;

I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,

But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;

His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To* BIANCA.—HORTENSIO retires.

Luc. That will be never; tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

*Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love,—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear.— [Hortensio plays.
O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:
Hac ibat Simois, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [To Lucentio.] and give me leave awhile;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

[*Aside.*

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art:

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade:

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [Reads.] Gamut I am, the ground of all accord.

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection:

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must begone. [*Exeunt* BIANCA & Servant.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant; Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:— Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble, To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale, Seize thee that list: If once I find thee ranging, Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Before Baptista's House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINE, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, & Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [To TRANIO.] this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:

What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forced

To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who wooed in haste, and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:

And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,

Make friends invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;

Yet never means to wed where he hath wooed.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.*

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* BIANCA & others.

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;

For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humor.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what:—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampas, infected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legg'd before; and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humor of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion!—

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,

A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus. But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company, As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come; Now sadder, that you come so unprovided. Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife, And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, I though in some part enforced to disgress; Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse As you shall well be satisfied withal. But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her; The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these nnreverent robes;

Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes: Could I repair what she will wear in me, As I can change these poor accoutrements, 'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself. But what a fool am I to chat with you, When I should bid good morrow to my bride, And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, & BIONDELLO.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire; We will persuade him, be it possible, To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*

Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass, As I before imparted to your worship, I am to get a man,—whate'er he be, It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa; And make assurance here in Padua, Of greater sums than I have promised. So shall you quietly enjoy your hope, And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly, 'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage; Which once performed, let all the world say—no, I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom
coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom,
indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's
dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, sir Lucentio: When the priest

Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and swore so
loud,

That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a
cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and
priest:

Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list*.

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose
again?

Gre. Trembled and shook: for why, he
stamp'd and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—*A health*, quoth he: as if
He had been aboard carousing to his mates
After a storm:—*Quaff'd off the muscadel*,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before;
Hark! hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*]

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA,
BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, & Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you
for your pains:

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding
cheer;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:—
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have
eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are
green;

For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself:—
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; prithee, be not
angry.

Kath. I will be angry: What hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir; now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal din-
ner:—

I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy
command:

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with
thieves;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate;

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, and
GRUMIO.*]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet
ones!

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die
with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your
sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast;—

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla! ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but thou knowst, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and, therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, Jack boy! ho boy! and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of coney-catching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught

extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[Striking him.]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foal hill, my master riding behind my mistress:

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsey with their left legs: and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you; what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready: How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore benot—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse! Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir! here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms! What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'the heel;

There was no link to color Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[Exeunt some of the Servants.]

Where is the life that late I led— [Sings.]
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey, [Sings.]
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry: Take that, and mend the plucking off the other. *[Strikes him.]*

Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what, ho!

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:— *[Exit Servant.]*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water? *[A bason is presented to him.]*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.— *[Servant lets the ewer fall.]*

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? *[Strikes him.]*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave.

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—

What is this? Mutton?

1 Serv. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook? How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all: *[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]*

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves! What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet; The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it, For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,— Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh. Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company:— Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exeunt PET. KATH. & CURT.]

Nath. *[Advancing.]* Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humor.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her:

And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall
not;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamor keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
humor.—

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*]

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you
read?

Bian. What, master, read you; first resolve
me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of
your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress
of my heart. [*They retire.*]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell
me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant woman-
kind.

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her light-
ness,

I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior
Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favors
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned
oath,—

Ne'er to marry with her, though she would
entreat:

Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would, all the world, but he, had quite
forsworn!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass; which hath as long loved
me,

As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO and
BIANCA advance.*]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such
grace

As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest; But have you both
forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. P'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be wooed and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such
a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the
master;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering
tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so
long

That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father,

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO and BIANCA.]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?

Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:
But then up further; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes
hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and
him,)

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of
him;

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster,
and all one. [Aside.]

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favor will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged;—
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter
good.

This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A Room in Petruchio's House.

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no; forsooth; I dare not, for my
life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his
spite appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these
wants,

He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I prithee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prithee let me
have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat:—
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it
me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mus-
tard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have
the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou
wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the
beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding
slave, [Beats him.]

That feedst me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat; and
HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting,
all amorph?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully
upon me.

Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

[Sets the dish on a table.]
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits
thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lovest it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof:—
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. Pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame!

Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.—

[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house;

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments?

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutshell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,

And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:

Your betters have endured me say my mind,

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:

And, rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou sayst true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:

I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;

And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay;—Come, tailor,
let us see't.

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?

What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:

What! up and down, carved like an apple-tart?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop:—

Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, callst thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown. [*Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well, According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir;

I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,

Thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread!

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived: the gown is made

Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men: brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown.*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread; I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape.*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve;—*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill.

I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use! O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:—

[*Aside.*

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say, commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor: For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark, Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel, Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:

And therefore, frolic; we will henceforthwith, To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him; And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.— Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two; And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone:

I will not go to-day; and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: Please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived, Signior Baptista may remember me, Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well:

And hold your own, in any case, with such Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;

'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello, Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you; Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice;

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:—

Sir, [*To the Pedant.*]

This is the gentleman I told you of;

I pray you, stand good father to me now,

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio Made me acquainted with a weighty cause Of love between your daughter and himself: And,—for the good report I hear of you; And for the love he beareth to your daughter, And she to him,—to stay him not too long, I am content, in a good father's care, To have him match'd;—and,—if you please to like

No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement, Me shall you find most ready and most willing With one consent to have her so bestow'd; For curious I cannot be with you, Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:— Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.

Right true it is, your son Lucentio here Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him, Or both dissemble deeply their affections: And, therefore, if you say no more than this, That like a father you will deal with him, And pass my daughter a sufficient dower, The match is fully made, and all is done: Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,

We be affied; and such assurance ta'en, As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:—

Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight:
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, & BAPTISTA.

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What sayst thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[*Going.*

Luc. Hearst thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.

[*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleased, then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;

It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V. *A public Road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:—

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress: where away?—
[*To* VINCENTIO.

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,

Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favorable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad;

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd:
And not a maiden, as thou sayst he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire: and, withal,
make known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress,—
That with your strange encounter much amazed
me;

My name is call'd—*Vincentio*; my dwelling—
Pisa;

And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. *Lucentio*, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your
pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt PET. KATH. & VIN.*]

Hor. Well, *Petruchio*, this hath put me in
heart.

Have to my widow; and if she be forward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be unto-
ward. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Padua. *Before Lucentio's House.*

*Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO,
and BIANCA; GREMIO walking on the
other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest
is ready.

Luc. I fly, *Biondello*: but they may chance
to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your
back; and then come back to my master as
soon as I can. [*Exeunt LUCENTIO, BIANCA,
and BIONDELLO.*]

Gre. I marvel *Cambio* comes not all this
while.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO,
and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio's*
house,
My father's bears more toward the market-
place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before
you go.

I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[Knocks.]

Gre. They're busy within, you were best
knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would
beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior *Lucentio* within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken
withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred
pound or two, to make mery withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your-
self; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved
in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivo-
lous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior
Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa,
and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from
Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may
believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To VIN.*]
why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you
another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain, I believe 'a
means to cozen somebody in this city under my
countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church to-
gether: God send 'em good shipping!—But
who is here? mine old master, *Vincentio*? now
we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[Seeing BION.]

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue: What, have
you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget
you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou
never see thy master's father, *Vincentio*?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master?
yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the
window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed?

[Beats BION.]

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [Exit.]

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista! [Exit, from the window.]

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.]

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—*Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is *Lucentio*; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: [Enter one with an Officer.] carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior *Gremio*; I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched in this business; I dare swear, this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused:—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [Kneeling.]

Vin. Lives my sweetest son?

[*BION. TRA. & Pedant run out.*]

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [Kneeling.]

Bap. How hast thou offended? Where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, Right son unto the right *Vincentio*; That have by marriage made thy daughter mine, While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, *Tranio*, That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. *Cambio* is changed into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. *Bianca's* love

Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*, While he did bear my countenance in the town; And happily I have arrived at last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss:—

What *Tranio* did, myself enforced him to;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. Do you hear, sir? [To *LUCENTIO*.] Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to; But I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [Exit.]

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.]

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*; thy father will not frown. [Exeunt *LUC. and BIAN.*]

Gre. My cake is dough: But I'll in among the rest;

Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [Exit.]

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss:—now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate; Better once than never, for never too late.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Room in *Lucentio's House*.

A Banquet set out. Enter *BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others, attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;

And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome
thine:—

Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house;
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit
down;

For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and
eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petru-
chio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word
were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his
widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my
sense;

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns
round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio
that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her
tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that,
good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns
round:—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a
shrew,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting
you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put
her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted
folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together
well.

Bian. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and
horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd
you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore
I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have
begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my
bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt BIANCA, KATH. & WIDOW.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior
Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her
not;

Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-
hound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something cur-
rish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for your-
self;

'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you
here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;

And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no; and therefore, for as-
surance,

Let's each one send unto his wife;

And he, whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content:—What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. Go,

Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit.]

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all my-
self.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word

That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one, too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my
wife

To come to me forthwith. [Exit BIONDELLO.]

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand;

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come!
O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her come to me.

[*Exit GRUMIO.*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not come.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio! The wager thou hast won; and I will add Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns; Another dowry to another daughter, For she is changed, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet; And show more sign of her obedience, Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA, and Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not; Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,

Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too: The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknot that threat'ning unkind brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes, To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:

It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

A woman moved, is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance: commits his body

To painful labor, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such a woman oweth to her husband:

And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And, not obedient to his honest will,

What is she, but a foul contending rebel,

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—

I am ashamed, that women are so simple

To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;

But that our soft conditions and our hearts,

Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms!

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,

To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:

But now, I see our lances are but straws;

Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—

That seeming to be most, which we least are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;

And place your hands below your husband's foot:

In token of which duty, if he please,

My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:—
We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
[To LUCENTIO.

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATH.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.
Exeunt.

END OF VOL. I.

W. Hughes, Printer,
Maiden-Lane, Covent-Garden.

Shakespeare, William,

The dramatic works of Shakspeare complete in three volumes

Bd.: 1

London (1820)

P.o.angl. 361-1

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10749439-4